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THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF LITHOGRAPHY.

THE popularity that Lithography has recently acquired both with artists and the public, challenges attention to its claims as a permanent and important branch of fine art. The favor with which Lithography is now regarded in this country by those who but a very little while ago looked upon it as an inferior art, of limited and uncertain powers, is owing to the entirely new aspect it has assumed by the publication of the fac-similes of sketches by Harding, Prout, Stanfield, Lewis, Roberts, Joseph Nash, Sidney Cooper, and other less known artists. It is scarcely to be recognized in these beautiful works as the same art whose coarse muddy blackness of tint, and poverty and rawness of effect, detracted from the most successful and elaborate productions of Lane, Harding, and others: the tint has mellowed its crudities, giving warmth to its frigid tone, and brilliancy to its sooty hues, and with one-third of the labour an incomparably finer effect is produced. Nay more, the last improvements in the materials and tools of Lithography have brought it home to the studio of every painter, so that by the substitution of the stone for paper, and of the Lithographic chalk and stump for the ordinary crayons, an original drawing may be made that admits of being multiplied two or three thousand fold, without the intervention of any other than the artist's hand—the printer's being a merely mechanical process.

In the reproduction of original sketches and drawings by hundreds and thousands,—in all of which the artist's own touch and feeling is manifest, each one being as much an original as the actual drawing on the stone,—consists the proper use and peculiar advantage of lithography, its true value and interest: for the reduplication of the artist's own habitual style it is superior in facility and completeness to any other mode, being not engraving, but drawing—whether it be with the pen or sable and ink, with the crayon and the stump, with the addition of white lights on a neutral middle tint, or of washes of colour. The benefit to the artist is, that it supplies him with means and appliances similar to what he has been accustomed to, without compelling him to acquire a new art, as with etching, and aquatint or mezzotint engraving; for any one who can draw on paper may draw as well upon stone, and in most cases without a second trial. The benefit to the public is, that they have the artist's own mind and hand in the print; and the same graceful touch and play of the pencil which they have admired in the handling of his drawings on paper, not a new and unknown manner, as must be the case where painters resort to engraving. Rem-

brandt's etchings and Hogarth's engravings are justly prized for the spirit of the master that shines through the imperfections of the execution; and if Claude had aquatinted his *Liber Veritatis*, as Turner has his *Liber Studiorum*, precious as the Sybil's leaves would the fragments have been. But let us fancy the treasures that would have come down to us had Raffaele made on stone instead of paper, those exquisitely finished drawings in black and red chalk, that formed part of the Lawrence collection, and had Leonardo da Vinci multiplied the grand crayon studies of heads for his 'Last Supper,' of which those cartoons are now the only remaining fragments undefaced by time, or the more pitiless spoliations of restorers! This is the true light in which lithography ought now to be regarded; and to bring it home to ourselves, we have only to imagine the delight with which the announcement of a volume of studies or sketches made on stone, by Wilkie or Edwin Landseer, Leslie or Eastlake, would be received. Stanfield and Roberts employed lithographic draughtsmen to work under their superintendence on the fac-similes of their sketches; John Lewis had assistance also, though he worked on the stone himself, in all those parts where character was essential, as in the heads and costumes of the figures; but Harding and Prout, Joseph Nash and Sidney Cooper, drew all on the stone themselves: Stanfield's and Roberts's were finished drawings, depending more on the forms and effect, and the interest of Lewis's subjects also is superior to that of his manner; but in the case of Harding and Prout, whose sketches are in crayons, the style and treatment of the artist himself—his touch, in fact—is essential, so much being done by a few strokes. No other artist could throw such spirit and meaning into the architectural drawings of Nash as he himself has done; nor could the most expert copyist indicate the characteristics of cattle, or imitate the appearance of the fleeces of the sheep, so expertly as Sidney Cooper. In a word, wherever handling is an important element of a drawing, there the advantages of lithography, in enabling the artist himself to multiply his own productions, become paramount.

Harding was the first artist who developed the resources of the tinted style of lithography, graduating the lights, and employing the stump in the shadows: his 'Sketches at Home and Abroad' opened the eyes of the artists to the capabilities of this new art, and was the forerunner of the long line of sketch books, that we hope may "stretch out to the crack of doom." Nor must the claims of the printer, Hullmandel, to a share of the merit be overlooked, for it was his experience and ingenuity that provided the means whereby Harding was enabled to produce these extraordinary and beautiful effects: himself an

artist, he could enter into the feeling of the painter, and his chemical knowledge of Lithography enabled him to invent materials suited to the hand of the draughtsman, and to the nature of the art in which they were to be used. Here we may remark, that it is to a want of knowledge of the chemical principles of Lithography, that the numerous failures which have marked its progress are owing. Hullmandel was the first to establish the art in this country; and he was enabled to do so by a persevering application of his two-fold experience as a chemist and an artist. Senefelder, when he stumbled upon his great discovery forty years ago, did not perceive the right direction in which to urge it; his was not the discovery of an artist, but of a mechanic or writer, seeking a (to him) cheaper method of printing than types; and when he accidentally found out the property that the Kelheim stone possessed of retaining grease on its surface, and yielding impressions after the greasy touches had been raised slightly in relief by the application of acid, he had no other idea than that of imitating other modes of engraving and printing. He first applied it to printing writing and music, then to the imitation of wood-cuts and copperplate engravings; but, not being an artist himself, he was insensible to the true and peculiar value of his invention, which gave to the draughtsman and sketcher the power of multiplying his works without changing his style or acquiring a new art, as in engraving. In Germany, moreover, engravers were few, and draughtsmen with the pen and crayon, numerous; hence the German artists, so patient of labour, in adopting the new art, applied it to imitate the engraver's works, endeavouring to rival copperplate in elaboration and depth of tone, and wood in edgy hardness: their style of drawing,—cold, dry, and formal,—suited this manner. The French artists, equally well versed in the use of the crayon, which they employ with more freedom and gusto, soon felt the value of the facilities offered to the originator, and their presses teemed with caricatures and the humorous *croquis* of Bellange, Mounier, Vernet, and innumerable others: in the inimitable heads of Grevedon the finished drawing is seen in perfection—every touch shows the master-hand; and in the sketches of military scenes and character, and popular incidents, the fecundity of talent is astonishing. But for lithography, how large a proportion of these characteristic delineations of the follies of the day—the fancies of genius that flit across the brain and vanish if not fixed at the moment, would have been lost to the world: in France the artists sketch on the stone at once, as they would cover a sheet of paper with fantasies; and Grevedon and other limners draw heads from the life on the stone direct.

In this country, where the taste for landscape predominates, those artists accustomed to use the crayon or reed pen were the first to take up the infant art; Prout and Harding leading the way with their studies for learners. The first work of any importance that appeared in this country was the 'Britannia Delineata,' a portion of which only was completed,—the county of Kent: they were finished drawings by Harding, Prout, W. Westall, and Hullmandel, and they are admirable even now; but there was too much of the imitation of engraving in them. Mr Richard Lane, however, an engraver by profession, was the first who gave to lithography that high finish which supported its pretensions to vie with the work of the burin: his elaborate prints, after Newton and Leslie, the 'Girl at her Devotions,' 'The Rivals,' and others, are unique in this kind of excellence: his fac-similes of original sketches, by Gainsborough, however, and the series of miniature copies of the sketches of living artists, show the true direction of lithography; though the reduced scale made the neatness of touch too prominent an element in their success. In his fac-similes of Chalon's sketches of the Italian Opera, and his own original studies of actors, the character of pencil drawings is strictly preserved, and the proper uses of the art are apparent.

Lithography in England, however, has laboured under the disadvantages of competing with the works of a numerous body of clever engravers, and of finding comparatively few original artists sufficiently expert in the use of the crayon, to enable them to avail themselves of the facilities it offers in multiplying their own productions. Haghe, the most accomplished and prolific of lithographic draughtsmen, and who composes on the stone, is a foreigner; the Gausis, Scharf, Carbonnier, and others who were among the first to adopt the art in this country, are foreigners also: we have now, however, the Fairlands, Sharp, Barnard, Picken, Walton, Morton, Weld Taylor, Childs, L. Dickinson, and many more of our own countrymen who have given an English character to the art, by the freedom of their style, and the depth of colour, and picturesque effect. A volume of sketches of the London and Birmingham railway, by J. C. Bourne, may be instanced among the clearest and neatest specimens of landscape drawing in lithography, Haghe's masterly lithographs of Mr Vivian's Sketches of Spain and Portugal not excepted.

The addition of a neutral tint, printed from another stone upon the impressions of a lithographic drawing—the high or white lights being represented by the paper—suggested the idea of imitating the colours of a picture by printing successively, from several stones, the different hues requisite to produce a coloured impression: this is called chromolithography, and has attained to great perfection. Publications of architectural polychrome decorations, and designs of furniture, are numerous in Germany: in Paris, illuminated arabesques, of the most brilliant colours and fantastical devices, with blazonry, are produced with a perfection vying with the most gorgeous paintings in the old missals; and in our own country, Mr Owen Jones has carried this style to a high pitch of completeness, on a large scale, in his superb work on the Alhambra, drawn and painted by himself, in which the sumptuous enrichments of Moorish architecture are imitated with a fidelity to the gorgeous effect, no less surprising than beautiful. In all these works, however, flat, opaque colours only are used; the tints are not graduated as in a drawing; but specimens have just appeared, from the press of Hullmandel, of a volume of sketches of the 'Picturesque Architecture of Paris, Rouen, &c.,' by T. S. Boys, in which the effects of water colour drawings are produced by chromolithography with wonderful power and richness. A street view in Rouen, showing the gothic spire of St Laurent over an old conventual building,

would be mistaken for an original work of the artist at a little distance, and is only to be detected as a printed production on close inspection by an experienced eye. The blue of the sky, warming into a purple hue towards the sun, the deep tone of colour in the old building, and the texture of the foreground objects, are imitated in a masterly style of handling; nor is there anything crude or patchy, meagre or flaring, in this specimen, as in prints coloured by hand; it is really fine art. With such a print as this before us, as a first effort of a new application of the art of chromolithography—for the blending of tints, and the graduating of tones, and the effect of glazing, produced by one colour showing under another, render this mode essentially different from, and far superior to, the mere collocation of positive hues and flat ungraduated tints—it is impossible to say where the art of multiplying pictures will stop. Contrasting these fac-similes of sketches on tinted paper, and water colour drawings, with the coarse charcoal-like scratchings of the art in its infant state, the immense stride that it has made in the short time that has elapsed since its discovery by Senefelder 40 years ago, and its establishment in this country by Hullmandel, in 1818, excites astonishment and admiration, and attests the capabilities of Lithography as a branch of Fine Art.

[Since this was in type a statement has appeared in the papers of an extraordinary invention by M. Dupont, a Parisian printer, of a method of reproducing old engravings and printed books, in any number, without injuring the original impression, by means of Lithography. The print is covered with a preparation that, on being transferred to the stone, leaves a fac-simile of the engraving, from which impressions may be taken. Something of this kind was attempted fifteen or twenty years ago, but without success; whether this be an improvement on that method, or an entirely new invention, remains to be seen. The power of transferring newly-taken impressions from copper or steel plates, and letter press, to stone, and printing therefrom, is one of the most important advantages of Lithography: by this means, impressions from engravings may be multiplied to an almost unlimited extent—the number that the plate will give, being multiplied by the number that a stone will yield, will give the total sum of impressions; and taking these at the moderate computation of 2,000 each, the result is four millions! The well-known practice of drawing and writing with lithographic ink, on prepared paper, and transferring it to stone for printing, being more useful in a commercial than an artistic point of view, has not been mentioned: the only advantage it offers to the artist is portability, for he might as well draw on the stone at once as on paper, and better, as the lines print sharper when made on the stone.]

THE OLD DRAWING-MASTER.

"Ah! bah! Mademoiselle, and you call that a copie?—a copie of his outline?—Regardez, this line that ought to be straight, he is crookit—de line that ought to be what you call curve, he is straight—de foreground is light, and de background dark!—Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle! vat is it you tink off, ven you draw?"

Monsieur La Trobe was certainly very impatient; cross I called him then; but now, when I recollect him through the softening mist of years, and remember the provocation I so frequently gave the good old gentleman, I can call him only impatient. He had visited England long before I was born—an Emigrant; and having settled, after the lapse of a few years, in our neighbourhood, felt it as a stain on his professional character, that a child he had known from the time she was able to destroy a pencil should pervert the crooked to the straight, and the straight to the crooked—"Detre!" he would exclaim: "you can copie ver well de Irish voman, vid dere childen on dere backs, and dere pipes in dere mouths—and de Irishmens, vid spades and pigs—and boats and ships—vy you not do landscapes?—vy you not copie me?"

Dear Monsieur La Trobe—I could imitate them, but not him:—yet I was doomed to try to do so, an hour and a half per diem, by the great hall clock—simply, because Monsieur La Trobe professed to teach only this branch of art; and because all the papas and mammas of the neighbourhood thought it a duty to make their children copy Mr La Trobe's landscapes—I say Mr La Trobe's landscapes, for Nature had little or nothing to do with them. But the old Drawing-master was a picture himself:—no earthly consideration would have induced him to wear a round hat—his three-cornered one, banded with a neat gold lace, was decorously placed over his white and well powdered hair; his coat was an unchanging record of the fashions of 1793—brown—a deep brown; his waistcoat was brown satin; but on Sunday, and when dining out, he wore one of rich embroidery—the flaps descending nearly to his knees; his stockings were, on state occasions, of black

silk; and his high-fronted shoes accorded with his quaint attire, which no one seemed to consider strange, for the old Drawing-master had never worn any other—but nothing (except, it may be, a large and sudden tear, called forth by the mention of the Queen Marie Antoinette, or a subject of still deeper interest), could dim the lustre of his keen, piercing, blue eyes; they were very bright, almost dazzling, flashing and sparkling beneath his white eyebrows—abrupt eyes they were, whose expression you were never sure of. Imagine the high wrinkled features—the eyes I have endeavoured to describe—the long lean person—the cocked hat, an ebony cane, and a large snuff-box, with a fine miniature of the fair, but hapless, sovereign of France on the lid, which he generally carried in his hand—and you will believe that Monsieur La Trobe was, indeed, a picture—a touching one, when we met him on the sea shore, along which he always strolled on a summer evening—for then he would sit down upon a rock, and while the tide rippled at our feet, lay his case across his knees, take out his snuff-box, and, as if inspired by the beautiful countenance of that most beautiful Queen, tell us long and stories of the French Revolution, which sunk into my heart and memory. It was then that the fine enveloping parts of the old Drawing-master's character were developed. During his morning lesson, he struggled with the irritation which his sensitive mind could not overcome, occasioned by the knowledge, that he was engaged in an occupation which, however necessary, he was not born to. He was then alive to every little word—every look, that could be construed into even the shadow of a slight, and I always received instructions to courtesy to Mr La Trobe—to say "Monsieur" always to Mr La Trobe, and to say, "I thank you very much, Monsieur, for the pains you have taken with me to-day." Notwithstanding this, the old man would get offended sometimes.

But meet Monsieur La Trobe away from his palette and crayons, you saw at once the Gentleman of the Old Regime;—most charming to converse with—full of spirit and anecdote—the acidity vanished, the sadness gone, and the tone of sadness that usually pervaded his countenance broken up, by vivid flashings of enthusiasm. When he was surprised by anything that struck upon his feelings, there was an earnestness in his words, and a music in the deep full tones of his voice, that could not fail to interest every one who can feel its magic influence. Broken English has frequently something puerile in its sound; but his English, though broken, never made his observations weak or ridiculous: his mind was well stored with the events of by-gone years—of the present, when apart from his lessons, he seldom spoke or thought. This living, with the past to him, was to me a world of romance; and though I had heard his tales more than once, still there was a freshness about his conversation that seemed to me like reading some book which I had never read before—hearing him talk of the French Court—and the Queen—and the trials and troubles of his country—used to send the tears flowing over my cheeks: he liked telling his tales of trouble to his young pupils, because always certain of their attention and sympathy. But his great sorrow arose from events connected with his only daughter, whom, according to his own account, he had treated most harshly—it was only at particular times he would speak of "his Ernestine." The incident which had so great an influence over the latter days of Monsieur La Trobe's life, occurred on the anniversary of that lost daughter's birthday. He ought to have been with us in the morning, but sent an apology, on the plea of indisposition; and in the evening we walked towards the cottage he called his own, but which really belonged to the Catholic Priest of our parish, a gentleman who had received his priestly education in France; they lived together, and agreed admirably upon all but one or two points, which I need not mention now. "Monsieur La Trobe," Father Joseph said, "has gone to the sea shore; he was in bad spirits; but he had good reason to believe he would be in better before he slept." We did not place much reliance on Father Joseph's prediction, for he was very fond of a little bit of mystery, and yet it was seldom he looked so happy—and we hastened our footsteps to what we had called the "Sketching Point;" for the worthy man told all his sea views from one spot—what would Stoddard say to that?—and there he was, not sitting usual, but leaning "on the top of his staff," looking out over the sea, yet perfectly unconscious that in five minutes more the water would cover his shore. We called out to him from the cliff to move, and never shall I forget the inexpressibly mournful expression of his countenance when he turned it towards us—we felt as if we had intruded upon some silent sorrow—disturbed a holy melancholy, by the abruptness of our laughter and our thoughtless cries, and were sorry we had done so. As he moved slowly forward to meet us, we lowered our voices, and spoke almost in whispers, so natural is it to subdue emotions before those we respect. The old man looked very sorrowful, and I thought I could discover the traces of recent tears upon his cheeks; he saw that he had made us sad, and his continental spirits rallied.

"Dear children," he said, "poor Monsieur La Trobe have made you sorry; I see it in your face; your round Irish face, he look long! Eh bien! I ought to be glad, for though my child, my Ernestine, not here to rejoice my heart, she rejoice the hearts of wherever she be. Yes, yes, she is loved, she is greatly loved, as she ought to be, though she was false to me, to love without

my leave, and take de leave I never give to leave me! Ah! I was angry, angry to de death; I could have killed her, but now I grow very old, and de grave will soon open for Monsieur La Trobe, and the time dat passes softens, and I forgive her, though she will not be here to close my eyes. I shall have no friend to close my eyes."

"Oh shame, Monsieur La Trobe, are not we your friends?"

"Ah! chere Demoiselles: you are all sweet, kind young ladies,—you very sweet, and good, *ten you not drun*, and monche, monche de tops off your crayons, and lose your Engre rubbers, and make skies green, and grass blue; you are all most charming ven you away from your lessons, and I would be *ingrat*, if I not remember all de kind tings you have done for de poor refugée paintre; but you not my Ernestine, not de childes dat lay on my wife's bosom; not de childes dat she press to her heart; not de childes dat she clasp in the *convulsion* of death: and den, just as her spirit fly to heaven, you, my dear young ladies, are not de childes dat she give to my arms, and say, 'Louis, chere Louis Auguste, cherish her as you would my heart, my life, mon ame!' and then she die and leave me her living image, her miniature. Oh, my heart must be hard, or it would have broke, long, long ago."

"But you did cherish, did love her, Monsieur La Trobe, you have, therefore, no reason?"—The old man uttered an exclamation of violent anguish. In an instant the expression of his countenance changed—it had told the softened nature of his feelings, but never can I forget the bitterness of self-reproach that marked it, while he exclaimed,—"No, Mademoiselle, I did not cherish, not love her, as I promise my angel Adèle, my wife. I not do as I ought. I forgot that when she grew, my white rose, from a little bud, dat I carry next my heart, into a beautiful woman that the sun shine on, and all de birds de de air admire,—I forgot it was but natural she should do, as her mother did, and fall in love! Ah dear! she have no animosity to de foes of France, because her heart so large, poor dear! She like de whole world—and she take glory dat her Roland was brave soldier. She knew I would never give consent dat she marry soldier,—never, never."

"And what did she do?"

"Ah! bah!—She marry widout. I should have gave her, but no, I turned her away. She *kneel* at my feet—I cast her from me! She *fall* at my feet—I spurs her, though my heart bleed; and I would have raised her to it, but her husband, he *stole* her from me, came in, bah! so confidante, vid his proud blue eye, and his ———— say you call swaggere, and take her in his arms, and sat to me—*me*, who was peer of France—dat if I had not been an old man, he would have use his sword. Old! as if honor was ever old. I call him coward—I strike him—and den he draw, and I draw mine. She, my Ernestine, she hold down her husband's arm, and I never knew how it was, but de point of mine wounded her. Oh, le bon Dieu! I saw her blood—her blood—drawn by my sword."

The old man became almost convulsed, and we, little more than children, stood trembling around him.

"Do not be afraid," he continued, after a pause, "Do not be afraid, my dear young ladies, I am quite harmless—a harmless old man—I would not shed a pigeon's blood.—He take her from me, and refuse dat I should kneel to beg her pardon—he not a *father* then, though he is now. I never see her since—I shall never see my child again. They became rich, and I would not let him know where I was; I hide myself in Ireland, for if I did, de proud soldier might tink I want his charity—Ah, bah!" And the old man, forgetful of the past agony in the present pride, took a pinch of snuff, from his jewelled box, with the air of a prince. Again his tone and manner became subdued. "Dis is her birth-day," he repeated, as if to himself, "dis is her birth-day, and I shall never, never see her more!"

It certainly has a melo-dramatic effect, but it is nevertheless true, that at the very moment he had so said, we perceived that Father Joseph, accompanied by a gentleman and lady of middle-aged appearance, and followed by two young ladies, had descended the cliff, and were close to us before we perceived them.

"Ah bah!" said Monsieur La Trobe, "Dat dear good Father Joseph is ven great fool; he know I not want to see strangers to day—Ah, bah." And he turned to meet them with no very good grace. There was an expression of quiet enjoyment in Father Joseph's eyes, that made me expect some very great happiness; nor was I disappointed. The elder lady looked at Monsieur La Trobe for a little time, and then murmured, "Father, do you not know your Ernestine?" Oh, what a scene it was—and all managed so cleverly by that good old Father Joseph: poor Monsieur La Trobe could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, but seizing his daughter's arm, bared it to where the scar still was, then indeed they wept in each other's arms; and the "soldier," he wept, and in truth we all wept: but the two beautiful young ladies, who called Monsieur La Trobe "grand papa," they wept the most of all; and I am sure every thing was explained, forgotten, and forgiven: the whole country wished the old man joy, and praised Father Joseph, and visited "the General and his Lady;" and the only alloy to all this happiness was, that very soon after the occurrence of this incident, we lost the old DRAWING MASTER.

A. M. HALL.

THE STATE OF ARTS IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

(From a MS. on "Australia, in its historical evolution," by Dr. J. Lhotsky.

THE assertion of Goethe, that "man cannot live without poetry and art," has been no where so fully understood by me, as in Australia, when I saw a country, which only a few years back had been reclaimed from a primeval, nay savage state, already occupied by the works of the architect; when I saw the mansion, and the cottage, around which the shrill tones of the cockatoo still resound, filled in a few cases with the works even of first rate artists, in many with respectable pictures and engravings. The most important object of art in Australia, is undoubtedly the Catholic Cathedral in Sydney, a building, which with the exception of the old gothic churches in London, outbids in its style all other places of public worship, I have seen even in this metropolis. It is entirely built of hewn stone (freestone), occupies a commanding position, and the climate, like that of Italy, having given a yellow hue to the surface of the slabs, it presents, especially in the brilliancy of Australian evenings, from many parts of the town, nay, the many bays of the gorgeous harbour, a charming and grand sight. Although its portal is somewhat contracted, yet taken altogether, it is a grand edifice the interior graced by splendid gothic columns, and although I am not aware of its exact dimensions, I am confident it will contain at least 3000 people. Since the arrival of Bishop Paulding, its interior decorations have much advanced; he has also so arranged that some of Haydn's Oratorios are therein annually performed, which as the tide of emigration sets so strongly towards these shores, count nearly 150 performers, and evidence the great acoustic qualities of the building. The only other structure that may be ranged amongst objects of art, is the Villa at Camden, in the Cowpastures, New South Wales, belonging to Mr H. McArthur, one of the largest sheep farmers in the colony. Emerging, as the traveller does, from a forest of gum trees (Eucalyptus), reminding him with their particularly coloured foliage of the distant country he is in, he finds himself at once upon a small plain or parterre, but shortly redeemed from nature, and he views with astonishment the extensive and elegant Villa, built in the best and chastest Italian style, with a large and graceful colonnade, the columns of which are made of a very hard and ornamental freestone. There are other fine buildings in the colony, but this certainly reflects the greatest credit on the architect. Even architectural antiquities are to be met with in Sydney, for as such I must mention a store of Robert Campbell Esq., on the doorway of which the figure of 1802 is inscribed upon a slab. This is the most ancient date, I ever saw cut in stone at the Antipodes, and it will no doubt hereafter be an object of some interest.

Proceeding, as I now do to painting and pictures in Australia, I will shortly state the manner how, independently of higher sentiment, arts are intruding as it were, upon the settler in distant zones. After the first years of struggle are over, he perceives, when lounging leisurely on his sofa, that the walls of his house are bare and empty. It would afford him and his family satisfaction, to have something to fill up this emptiness, and the vacuum, which he, freed from material cares, begins to feel in his mind. This certainly is the beginning of art, and of the patronizing of arts in distant zones. But it will surprise many of our readers, if they are informed to what a high degree this art-instinct, if I shall call it so, has been satisfied in such "a young colony. There is even a first-rate picture of Van Dyke, which has penetrated to Botany Bay. It is a full length figure of a female, with a beautiful form of body and limbs. The owner is Sir John Jamieson, and it adorns one of the tasteful rooms in his fine mansion at Penrith Emu-Plains. How this jewel came to New South Wales is half a mystery; but I believe

it proceeded direct from Holland, and Sir John purchased it from a Captain, going to, or coming from the Cape of Good Hope. From the same place came a smaller, yet equally valuable picture of Rembrandt, for which the price demanded was 50*l*. But the most important event in the artistical world of Sydney, was the importation of a whole collection of oil pictures, by C. H. Ebley Esq.; but as I was absent when they arrived, I have not seen them, yet know, that among them were several pieces of ancient and first-rate masters. In fact, art speaks to men under all zones and climates, and the really good is appreciated every where. I recollect a dozen of Mr Martin's mystic dramas, as I would call them, arriving in Sydney, and although they were in very indifferent frames and charged 10*l*. a piece, they sold rapidly. In Hobart Town is a Canaletti, which I consider equal, if not superior to any of this master's pictures in the National Gallery; this picture was exchanged for a house in Hobart Town. A very respectable piece of Julio Romano, representing the Forum at Rome, was sold at the same time.

But it is impossible that arts should be appreciated anywhere, unless men endeavour also to cultivate them. Not only drawing, but oil painting is cultivated in Australia to a considerable extent. The drawings of Van Diemen's Land, by Thomas Glover, are known to the public.* Although this gentleman is an eminent artist, yet his pictures are deficient in two respects. First, he has not endeavoured to select really primitive and original Australian nature; and besides, being not a sufficient observer of nature, has given to his pictures neither that hue of light, characteristic of those countries, nor do they possess that detail of genius, as I would call it, so much praised by Goethe in the works of Hackert, whose foliage (Baumschlag) is so true, that it is possible to distinguish, at the first glance, what sort of trees is represented. Sculpture also has found its rotaries in Australia; and Mr Low, in Hobart Town, has modelled a number of natives of Van Diemen's Land, of which a specimen is to be seen in the United Service Museum. They are of full size, perfect likenesses; in fact, altogether a respectable work. As the race of the natives of this island is nearly extinguished, these casts will retain a constant historical value. Sydney also possesses an artist of some note, we mean Mr Rhodius, who had been occupied by the French Government in engraving some of the edifices of Paris. Mr R. is very efficient in water-colour, and his portraits of Natives and Scenery are much sought for by travellers.

As, from my first arrival in Australia, I perceived, that it would afford a rich scope for the landscape painter, I had some drawings executed, most of them on a large scale. Amongst them were several studies of trees of unique appearance: Xantorrhæa Arborea, Eucalyptus, Casuarina, &c. In the Australian Alps I took a sketch of a great mountain panorama; and in Tasman's peninsula I had a virginal forest drawn, which breathes all the mysterious and silent majesty of such scenery. One of my most cheerful sketches, is the spot where Captain Cook first landed, and where a brass tablet, commemorating this historical event, has been erected by Sir Thomas Brisbane, G.C.B., when Governor of New South Wales.

Yet, Australian sky and nature awaits, and merits real artists to pourtray it. Its gigantic gum and acacia trees, 40 feet in girth, some of them covered with a most smooth bark, externally as white as chalk; the enchantment-like appearance of forests, the foliage of which is pruinous and mellow, in a way defying description—mornings and evenings so pure and serene, that the eye is absorbed as it were, in the depth of the azure of the horizon—miles covered with the most orna-

* In speaking of Australian artists, I cannot omit mentioning Mr Ferdinand Bauer, who strongly combined the two qualities of an artist and naturalist. A biography of him, containing some remarks on his paintings, written by me, has been read lately before the Linnean Society.

mental shrubs and flowers (Hovea, Epacris, Boronia &c.)—scenery, the foliage of which possesses all varieties of colours, from brown-red through orange and yellow into the most tender light green; all this and more, unnecessary to be broached on the present occasion, will produce a Daniell, and in succession a Salvator Rosa, and perhaps, such as will even exceed them. It has been said, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" still, if we see, that amongst many others, there is a whole system of landscape painting of the most striking character, yet available for human art, it seems to have been rather pre-ordained, that our mind shall never lack objects worthy of its attention and exertion.

THE SELECTED DESIGN FOR THE NELSON TESTIMONIAL.

In the last number of the "Art Union" we stated our belief that the committee would not venture, in opposition to the almost unanimous expression of opinion on the part of the country, finally to select a column as the most fitting testimony of a nation's gratitude to a brave defender, and of the state of art in England in the nineteenth century. We fancied there was a manifest disposition amongst them to listen to the public voice, at all events, in some degree,—that the stir which had been made respecting the management of public competition had worked its due effect,—and that we should be able to date an improved administration in respect thereto, from the selection by this committee, of a design for the Nelson memorial. Alas! how have we been deceived by a fair promise. The so called public exhibition, which was a mere imposition—a show of a desire that existed not—first induced suspicion that our hopes had but an uncertain foundation; and the recent decision in favour of Mr Railton's column—already rewarded and rejected—accompanied, too, as that decision was, by expressions worthy, or rather unworthy, of the worst times of committee management (showing an intention to lop off arms, alter the details, and make any and all other variations in the design which they in their ignorance might deem necessary), proved, too clearly, they had none.

So far however as the Nelson memorial alone is concerned, further effort would now be useless; it could only serve to embarrass the undertaking, to increase the unpopularity of the column, and so to lessen the chance of obtaining sufficient funds to complete the work effectively, for even now the sum collected amounts only to 18,000*l.*, which is little more than half the estimated cost of the column and the sculptured decorations. Far be it from us to aid in bringing about such an unfortunate issue, however much we may regret, and be opposed to, the course already taken.

Respecting the drawing which was first submitted by Mr Railton, and to which the chief premium was awarded, we took occasion to remark that its base greatly required extension in order to give that appearance of stability which was then wanting. This has been successfully done in a second design submitted by the architect, and considerably improves the general appearance of the column. In the first, the base was but 69 feet square, whereas in the second it is 104 feet. Several other alterations have been made in it, most of which are improvements, (the number of steps is increased from 12 to 15, the cabling to the lower half of the column has been removed), but whether any, or which of them, will be adopted by the committee does not appear certain, inasmuch as both the drawings come under the same number in the list, which the report declares to belong to the accepted design. A few words will suffice, aided by the accompanying engraving, to give a clear notion of the intended monument. The pedestal, decorated with four sculptured or bronze representations in low relief, commemorative of Nelson's great victories, at St Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, is thirty-nine feet high; the fluted

shaft of the column ninety feet, and the capital, which is from the Corinthian temple of Mars Ultor at Rome, varied by the introduction of a winged Victory in the centre of each face, is fourteen feet high. The whole height, including the steps on which the column stands, and the figure and pedestal surmounting it, is 193 feet. At the four angles of the steps, or raised platform, are plinths supporting sculptured lions, Egyptian in the first design, African in the second, and these it is proposed are to be executed in porphyritic granite. The steps and plinth are to be of grey granite, and the column itself of Craigleith stone.

Before executing the design it is absolutely necessary, if the architect be desirous of avoiding a great and irremediable error, that he give the most attentive consideration to the degree of entasis, or swell, which the column should have. This—which, in the ancient examples, is so slight as to be hardly perceptible, and, indeed, was never in-

tended to be so, being introduced solely to overcome a certain optical illusion—was magnified by the Italian architects of the revival, in the true day. As now drawn, although not so represented in the annexed wood-cut, the proposed Nelson column exhibits it much too plainly, and, if so executed, will unquestionably produce an ill effect.

The site first proposed for the memorial was on the south side of Trafalgar square (or that nearest Parliament street), in a line with the Union Club House and Morley's Hotel; but we believe, it is now decided that it shall stand in the exact centre of the open area. In accordance with a suggestion by one of the competitors, and which we advocated in a former Number of our Magazine, Mr Railton proposes to lower the ground from the column to the footpath on the north side of the square to one level, and to substitute a flight of ten steps the whole width of the open area. This will increase the perspective height of the National Gallery, and greatly improve its effect.



* For the above engraving we are indebted to the kindness of Mr John Timbs, Editor of the "Literary World," in which amusing miscellany it first appeared. It represents the monument as to be seen from the corner of Spring Gardens. We should have had an engraving executed expressly for "THE ART UNION;" but this having been generously proffered to us, we thought it needless to incur the expense. It has been engraved with the consent of Mr Railton; and the accuracy of the design was satisfactory to that gentleman. It therefore fully answers the purpose of supplying to our readers a clearer idea of the proposed structure than written description could convey.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALTHOUGH we have gone, somewhat carefully, through the six rooms of the Royal Academy, we have left a vast number of works unnoticed; and we fear such will still be the case, even when we have devoted a few more of our columns to the subject.

No. 526. 'A Portrait,' by F. GRANT, is, beyond question, one of the purest examples of the British school of portrait painting—a class of art in which we have far surpassed our competitors of the continent. Even at the risk of repeating what we have said before, we shall express our exceeding pleasure that we maintain our supremacy, and our hope that the very absurd objections so frequently urged against the practice of this branch of the profession may not discourage those who so largely contribute to its excellence. The work under notice possesses the highest qualities; it is finely arranged, and painted with considerable delicacy and vigour, and is sufficient to justify our ranking the artist among the foremost of those who have made portrait painting the object of deep thought, earnest study, and continued labour. Mr Grant's 'Melton Hunt' we have already described; the grace, elegance, and accuracy of this picture are wonderful; its merit is such as to render red jackets and hunting caps absolutely picturesque; it is only a man of genius who could so completely overcome the difficulties which might seem inseparable from the subject. In other hands it would have been a mean picture; Mr Grant has made it impressive, important, and even dignified.

No. 548. 'The Children of the Hon. Col. Seymour Bathurst,' E. LANDSEER, R.A. Of Mr Landseer's three or four portrait pictures, this is, perhaps, the most striking, and displays the most unquestionable marks of genius. The children are of surpassing loveliness, and the pet rabbits so wonderfully true as to seem almost in motion on the canvass. The accomplished painter appears to have studied this part of his subject so closely as to have considered all else subservient to it; such, at least, is the impression the spectator first receives; he finds, however, that it is, in reality, subservient to the rest; and that the same careful thought and elaborate finish have been bestowed upon every "topic" he has introduced into the picture. The flesh tints are almost as real as nature; the dimple upon the cheek, the eye-brows, the hands—the expression of the whole countenance, the drapery, and the several subordinate matters have been all wrought as if each was to determine the character of the work. We understand it is to be engraved: it will rival the most popular prints of the age and country.

No. 523. 'Low Water,' J. WILSON. One of the best productions of an artist who is always excellent. No one paints a sea-beach, or the incidents peculiar to it, with greater fidelity. He never exaggerates. He is familiar with every matter which the sea gives us, and thoroughly understands his art; yet he is devoted to Nature; and, we dare swear, has never wrought upon canvass that which he has not seen and pondered over deeply; few have consequently so long maintained so large a popularity. He has never been more highly appreciated than he is at this moment; nor do we think he has ever painted better pictures than those which he this year exhibits.

No. 575. 'Cottage in Kent. The Truant returned,' A. MONTAGUE. We should not have seen this picture—for it is placed where it certainly ought not to be, considering that its size is not great, and that it is the only contribution of the painter—but that we recollected to have met some of his works at the "conversazioni of the artists and amateurs" some three or four months ago. We judged him as one who gave sure promise of future excellence; and lament that those who had to decide his destiny in the Royal Academy do not appear to have entertained so high an opinion of his merits. We cannot doubt that they have been overlooked; we cannot believe that he was entitled to no better place than he has received.

Notwithstanding the difficulty we had in examining this work, we are satisfied that it is one of the more excellent of the exhibition; boldly and skilfully arranged; and painted both with ease and vigour. The 'Truant,' if we have seen it rightly, is a little black puppy who has been astray, and who has at length found again the door of his cottage in Kent. We trust that Mr Montague will not be depressed by the unhappy accident which prevents him from attracting notice for this one year; sure we are that ere long we shall find his productions among the most prominent of the collection.

No. 498. 'Portrait of Robert Peel, Esq.,' J. LINNELL. A finely toned and well arranged portrait; Mr Linnell carefully avoids in painting portraits that poetical licence which he knows so well and so judiciously how to use in works of a more imaginative class.

No. 473. 'W. Jerdan, Esq.,' G. P. A. HEALEY. A striking likeness, and a well painted portrait. It is, we believe, the production of an American artist; he is by no means seen to disadvantage, either for himself or his country, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy of Great Britain.

No. 493. 'Sterne and Maria,' H. J. TOWNSEND. A picture of exceeding merit. The name of the artist is not familiar to us; there can be little doubt that we shall meet it again. This work is conceived with the nicest feeling; the subject has been often chosen; we have never seen it made so effective. The utter abstraction of the poor, lonely maiden—"the gone, all gone!" of the character—the entire hopelessness of the expression—have seldom been more perfectly depicted. It is a most touching work; the production of a reflective, of a tender, and a comprehensive mind; and the style of its execution does not detract from the merit of its conception.

No. 419. 'Study from Nature,' MARY FAULKNER. A gracefully composed and skilfully painted portrait; one of the most agreeable in the whole exhibition.

No. 218. 'Portrait of Lord Lyndhurst,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. We have rarely seen a more striking likeness than this; it is exactly the man; his fine, firm, and expressive countenance has been accurately copied; the canvass gives us the mind, as well as the features, of the sound lawyer and eloquent statesman.

No. 213. 'A Highland Cateran showing his qualifications and licence to kill Game,' R. R. M'LAN. It is hardly necessary to say that the Cateran's "licence" was not issued from the stamp office. This is a boldly conceived and carefully painted picture of a striking scene and subject.

No. 186. 'Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington,' J. SIMPSON. This is not the most agreeable likeness of the great Captain; the features are coarse, without being expressive. It gives us a poor idea of his character, and is not such a portrait as we should desire to hand down to posterity of the most remarkable man of the age. The attitude too is stiff and formal—it makes the soldier unlike a soldier.

No. 268. 'Portrait of a Lady,' Mrs J. ROBERTSON. One of the best portraits in the gallery is this picture by Mrs Robertson—an artist of the highest talent, who is always graceful and effective in arranging a picture; and whose powers of execution are of a "masterly" order. The term "masterly" will cease to be used as denoting the highest merit, if many women paint with as much thought, skill, and vigour as Mrs Robertson. No. 550. A work by the same skilful and powerful hand, is of the most undoubted excellence.

No. 349. 'Sketch for a Picture of the Mountains of Savoy,' Rev. E. T. DANIELL. There are few landscapes in the exhibition which so unquestionably prove the power of a master of the art as this work by an "honorary" contributor. It is boldly designed; and gives a "full" idea of the stupendous grandeur of one of the most striking scenes in Nature.

No. 461. 'An old street at Candebe, on the Seine,' C. R. STANLEY. A clever work, but

scarcely, we think, sufficient to uphold Mr Stanley's reputation.

No. 457. 'Mont Blanc, from Genève,' H. GRITTEN. This young artist promises to do great things hereafter; and that, too, ere long. His touch is bold and decided; he seems to look on Nature keenly and enquiringly; and with an earnest desire to be guided by her instructions. His paintings at the British Institution attracted and deserved attention; one of them was purchased by Lord Northwick; if he labour, as we think he manifests a disposition to do, he must rapidly acquire fame.

No. 514. 'Wood-fetchers,' J. INSKIP. We have already alluded to one of the works of Mr Inskip as sadly "out of place" in this exhibition; a fact for which we can in no way account. His high qualities as an artist are universally acknowledged; and certainly his productions this year are not calculated to lessen his reputation. His picture of the 'Wood-fetchers,' is also unfortunately hung; it is necessary to point it out for admiration. It is a masterly work; one which if seen to greater advantage would be highly appreciated. No painter more accurately studies nature; his "sitters" have been sought and found where there are forest trees; he has both learned and laboured by the green hedge rows of English lanes; and his characters are such as the city seldom sees except upon canvass.

No. 515. 'Portrait of the Countess of Brecknock,' J. R. WILDMAN. A portrait painted with considerable vigour, and arranged with much discriminating taste. Mr Wildman has a firm and decided touch; he understands colour well; and seems to labour with great industry; for no part of his work is slighted.

No. 539. 'Portrait of John A. Heraud, Esq.,' G. PATTEN, A.R.A. Mr Heraud is a poet, and the artist has desired to preserve the character of the mind as well as the features of the man. It is painted with very great ability; and is at the same time a striking likeness.

No. 465. 'The Study,' J. MULREADY. An elegantly arranged and skilfully painted picture by, we presume, one of the sons of the accomplished member; he does no discredit to the admirable study in which he has been taught.

No. 781. 'Portrait of Mrs J. H. Vivian and her Children,' FANNY CORBAUX. "Though last not least," this young lady—for although she has been many years "an Exhibitor" she is still young—continues to maintain her right to the distinguished position she has gained. There are few who surpass her in elegant and delicate arrangement of a picture; and she has considerable skill in executing that which she conceives. She has a truly poetical mind, and large powers of observation; her knowledge of the materials necessary to work with is by no means limited; for a long period we have watched her career; it has been at all times satisfactory. We rejoice to find her now putting aside the graceful prettinesses which suited collections of "annual" beauties, and stirring herself in a manner more worthy of her—painting from fact rather than fancy, and taking a firm stand as an artist. There are several proofs in the Exhibition of her high capabilities; we have no doubt that she will continue to improve; and, ere long, rival those who were famous before she was born.

Other matters in connection with "the Royal Academy" now press upon our attention, and we must for the present, pass from the Exhibition; "for the present" only however, it must be; for on looking through our catalogue we find a directing mark against many works, of which we have as yet said nothing.

On Thursday, the 8th of July, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, one of the members of the University of Oxford, presented a petition from the president, council, and members of the Royal Academy, complaining of an order by the House of Commons, of date the 14th day of March last, calling upon them to make certain returns. The petitioners deprecated the interference of another authority with their internal regulations, which might be unduly

and vexatiously exercised; and in this instance the returns which the House had agreed to on the motion of the Hon. Member for Kilkenny called upon them not only to give a detail of the number of persons who had visited the National Gallery, but also the amount of salary and perquisites received by each person employed, and the principal items of miscellaneous expense under separate heads for the years 1837 and 1838; as also the average number of students who had attended, the amount of money received for admission, and the number of persons who visited the exhibition during the years 1836, 1837, and 1838; also the miscellaneous expenses under separate heads, and the average number of students who had attended the life school, and that of the antique, in each of those three years; which the petitioners viewed in many respects as an unnecessary and vexatious interference. The petitioners stated that they were an association of artists, voluntarily brought together, and that they had been recommended by Sir Wm. Chambers, their first president, to the notice of Geo. III., who immediately saw the importance of the object they had in view, and gave them the right of personal access to the royal presence, when the affairs of the academy might require such support. He also gave them a grant of 5,000*l.* from his privy purse, and stipulated with liberal consideration that they should have appropriate apartments for their use in Somerset House, which they enjoyed without molestation for a period of nearly sixty years, when from motives of public convenience they were removed, but not without proper assurances that they should be provided for elsewhere, and that they should not be subjected to any rules or responsibility different from what they had been accustomed to before. The Academy had been the only regular school of arts for two-thirds of a century in this country. They had established annual exhibitions open to all artists, given prizes as a stimulus to merit, and educated nearly two thousand students gratuitously, at a sacrifice of nearly 300,000*l.* expended in the promotion of those and other important national objects. The petition prayed that the House would be pleased to rescind the order of the 14th March last, calling for those vexatious and unnecessary returns.

After a little skirmishing between Sir Harry Inglis and Joseph Hume, the latter gentleman gave notice that, on the 23rd July, he would take the sense of the House on a motion he should then propose for the order made for certain returns from the Royal Academy, and Sir R. H. Inglis stated that on the same day he would move as an amendment that the said order be discharged.

Thus the matter will stand, until the 23rd; we shall of course, in our next criticise the discussion that will take place; we cannot, however, help observing that in this "liberal" age, it is hazardous to say what man's house is his castle. Parliament would have as good a right to call upon any banker to exhibit his books, as it has to demand from the Royal Academy a statement of its accounts; and sure we are that the body may refuse to render anything of the kind. The only shape in which the public supports the Royal Academy is by the voluntary payment of one shilling—for which there is "value received."

We earnestly hope the Royal Academy will not be satisfied to depend on the justice of their cause, and therefore neglect the proper means of meeting their opponents. These opponents are active, energetic, and prompt to avail themselves of every mode to prejudice the academy. If the academicians are indifferent or apathetic, they may be assured of sustaining some irreparable injury. The mere demand for accounts of "receipts and expenditure," of the number of visits to the gallery, and so forth, is but a first step to more serious attacks upon their privileges. We have no doubt that such accounts would be rendered, without a moment's hesitation, if there were an assurance that the inquest would end there. We conscientiously believe that if they were produced, they would go far to confuse the enemies of the body; but the act would be taken and used as a precedent, become

a pretext for more "inquiry," and the result would be a warfare to terminate only with the extinction of all privileges of the Royal Academy.

Again, we desire to impress upon the president and the council the absolute necessity of putting various Members of Parliament in possession of the true facts of their case; the Report does not say if their petition be printed; it ought to be.

We shall look with much anxiety to the result of the debate on the 23d. We are deeply interested in it,—not because we care a rush about the academy or its charter, but because we know that upon maintaining its high position and character, rest our hopes of improving the arts of Great Britain, and of extending their influence over the kingdom. The position we take—and are prepared to defend—is this;—TO PREJUDICE AND INJURE THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS TO PREJUDICE AND INJURE THE FINE ARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LINES

ON A LANDSCAPE FROM NATURE BY GASPAR POUSSIN

Such the lone spot which Nature had implanted;
A sunny spot, encircled by a wild
Rough crag, and rising pinnacle enchanted;
Flood, flower, and field, where'er the sunbeam
smil'd,
All seemed by some unearthly silence haunted;
A mystic paradise, a dim retreat—
Where solitude had reared an Ebon throne
Of solemn shadows in that forest lone,
Beyond the echoes of intruding feet.
Yet not alone, for there the hermit wandering
Through the cool shadows of its mossy boughs,
Bends o'er his missal, or is mutely pondering—
As morning welcomes him to early vows;
And there the waves of an impetuous river,
Rolled through the woods and sparkled as they
ran—
Low dreamy music, sweet, perhaps, as ever
Was listened to by solitary man,
Rose from the gurgling waters of that river,
(So subtle genius had matured the plan,)
That pictured elements of earth and sky,
Had all the stamp of Truth upon the eye.

H. W. CROME.

THE GENIUS OF FLAXMAN.

THE subject is not to be approached without a degree of veneration bordering upon awe. The name is one of the leading glories of our nation; it is ever associated with the sublime and beautiful in art; it preserves from the depressing and impoverishing humility which sustains mediocrity by harping upon insurmountable difficulties in the way to excellence; it convinces of what may be done by exhibiting what has been done. The example of the admirable master is even of rarer value than his estimable precepts. His life is a practical lesson on the achievement of fame—stimulates to a laudable ambition; guiding, controlling, and encouraging all who would follow so noble and honourable a career. His character as a man was in keeping with his style as an artist—at once simple and grand. All who knew him bear testimony to the gentleness of his nature, the purity of his heart, the high and upright qualities of his mind, no less than to the grace, and vigour, and primitive grandeur of his genius. He died in December 1826, having entered the seventy-second year of his age. His loss was "deep and irreparable to art, to his country, and to Europe!"

It is our good fortune to have seen him once, and but once. His frame was weak, in proportion as his mind was strong. He was short, and somewhat deformed; but the power of his mighty intellect was developed in one of the finest countenances it has ever been our lot to examine. His portrait, when in comparative youth, is now before us. Its prominent characteristics were unchanged by age. The delicately chiselled features are full

of energy of purpose. The broad and lofty forehead was even then bald. The eye-brows do not lower, as we have seen them in many men of large minds; they do not betoken heavy and ponderous thought, but rather those gentler and sublimer influences—that humble but conscious vigour, which he has himself given to Ulysses. His mouth is singularly firm; the compressed lips are full of eloquence. Whether he was eloquent or not we cannot say, but assuredly the fountain of eloquence was fresh and fertile in his soul. The apostolic waving of his hair—the round chin, upon the sufficient weight of which so much of character depends—the sunken cheeks, pale with "the cast of thought"—the whole countenance, indeed, is just that which we may imagine of such a man; to happy a blending of grace with strength, simplicity with dignity, and withal a gentleness and suavity—always the characteristic of true genius.

Mr Bohn has sent us the works of this "divine old man." The publisher has our very grateful thanks. He has afforded us a treat such as it is very rarely our privilege to enjoy, and has given us a sure and solid foundation upon which to build a pure taste. We may refer to them as unerring guides in teaching us to comprehend and appreciate true excellence in art, perfect vigour in conception, exquisite grace in design, and incomparable power in so "fixing" the creations of the mind, that others may resort to them as models which cannot misdirect or mislead.

This glorious collection has long been estimated, indeed, by the artist; but it is comparatively unknown to "the world at large," and even to those to whom art is a luxury, though not a profession. We shall do good service to "the cause" if we can offer such remarks as will extend their circulation. Opportunities of inspecting that which is excellent are sure introductions to the achievement of excellence; while, on the other hand, a frequent examination of inferior objects is certain to produce a proportionate inferiority. For the artist, then, who is to practise, and the connoisseur who is to encourage, art, it is, above all things, essential that we procure a direction as to where such studies may be found as shall establish that which is good and true, and lessen or destroy that which is meretricious and bad. These "Works of Flaxman" are, beyond question, the publications of our age to be most safely and most strongly recommended to those who would form, cultivate, or strengthen a taste for the Fine Arts, either as a profession or a source of intellectual enjoyment.

Our readers must accept these remarks as the introduction to a longer and more elaborate essay on the genius of this great man. We shall endeavour to prepare it for them. We bring to the task the profoundest veneration for his mind, and the highest admiration of the works he has executed;—the requisite power to estimate both, we hope to derive from a close study of the five volumes now before us.

We merely add that as Mr Bohn has so greatly reduced the prices of Flaxman's works, it will be unpardonable in any artist, whose exchequer is not very low, to be without them; the remark will equally apply to all persons who love the arts, and desire to obtain a true, refined, and beneficial acquaintance with them.

* Flaxman's Compositions from Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. A series of Seventy-five beautiful Outlines, engraved under Flaxman's inspection, by Pirou, Moses, and Blake. 2 vols. oblong folio, published at 3*l.* 5*s.*—Reduced to 2*l.* 10*s.* Or either work separately at 1*l.* 5*s.*
* Flaxman's Compositions from the Tragedies of Æschylus. A series of Thirty-six beautiful Outlines, engraved under Flaxman's inspection, by Pirou, Moses, and Howard. Oblong folio, published at 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Reduced to 1*l.* 5*s.*

* Flaxman's Compositions from the works of Hesiod. A series of Thirty-seven beautiful Outlines, engraved under Flaxman's inspection, by Blake. Oblong folio, published at 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Reduced to 1*l.* 5*s.*

* Flaxman's Compositions of the Acts of Mercy. A series of Eight beautiful Designs, in the manner of Ancient Sculpture, admirably engraved in aquatint, in exact imitation of the original Drawings, by F. C. Lewis. Oblong folio, published at 2*l.* 5*s.*—Reduced to 1*l.* 1*s.*

PICTURES IN THE HALL OF THE
GOLDSMITH'S COMPANY.

THIS structure, the most magnificent belonging to any guild in London, does not contain many paintings; those, however, which it does possess, are of considerable merit, and are all well worthy of inspection, they are mostly portraits.

The oldest picture in the collection is one in the drawing-room, on the left of the door as you enter; it is a portrait of 'Sir Martin Bowes,' who was Master of the Company and Lord Mayor in 1545, by Holbein, and in the best style of that early master; there is no stiffness or attempt at effect in the position of the figure, the countenance is handsome and smiling, he is seated at a table, one hand uplifted, in which he holds his gloves, and the other partly touches a splendid cup and cover of gold, the possession of which appears to give him pleasure, probably not so much on account of the beauty or value of the ornament as of the manner by which it came into his possession, his ambition being gratified to know that he had risen by his industry to the chief office among his fellow citizens, and that it should have been his destiny to have held it on the coronation day of good Queen Bess, and that this cup, which he had received as his fee for performing the office of chief butler at the banquet, in the city's right, enabled him to hand down to posterity his name in conjunction with so august a ceremony, by presenting it as a gift to the company to which he belonged, in whose possession it still remains, and on days of ceremony is produced. On the picture is this inscription:—*'Effigii Martinii Bowes, equitis aurati, ætat. sua. 66. Anno Dom. 1566.'* On the other side of the same apartment is a beautifully executed portrait of 'Sir Hugh Middleton,' by Vansomer; he was the son of Richard Middleton, who was governor of Denbigh Castle in the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth, and settled in London as a goldsmith. After an attempt made to supply the city with water, out of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, had been given up in despair, this enterprising man undertook it, and, although ruined by the speculation, finally succeeded on Michaelmas-day, 1613; he afterwards, through necessity, became an engineer, and in 1622 was created a baronet, and died in the following year. The face is handsome, the forehead high, the hair thin and dark, the eyes are small but animated, the complexion fair and fresh; the dress is of black velvet, with the falling ruff of James the 1st, the gold buttons and the chain, to which is attached a jewel, having a portrait of that monarch, are beautifully and most minutely executed; the beard is short and grey, the moustache small, the right hand rests on a shell placed on a rock; on the upper part of the picture are his arms, with the motto, "*Virtus Palma*," and on the lower part is written, "*Fontes Fodire*:" the whole is in the first state of preservation, it has been several times engraved. Opposite to this is a picture of 'Sir Thomas Vyner, kt. and bart.' The date on it is 1666, in which year he was master of the company; it is by Vandyke, and is finely painted; the countenance is grave and severe, the moustache small, and there is a small tuft on the under lip, the hands are most beautifully executed, on the head is a black skull-cap, and over the shoulder a chain with a splendid jewel, the gown scarlet furred; it has been engraved in Pennant's London.

Over the chimney-piece is a large painting by Julio Romano, which represents a legend in the life of St Dunstan, the patron of the goldsmiths; on one side is the furnace for assay of gold, and in the back ground a gallows is seen, on which hang two criminals detected in tampering with the coin, in the distance is a figure of the saint, who has seized the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs, for attempting to steal the coin; the punishment is generally supposed to have been inflicted on account of another of his tricks, but the true legend is as follows:—"St Dunstan was puffing and blowing over a large fire, refining and trying the gold preparatory to a coinage, for he was a most skilful metallurgist, his sable majesty, who looked

on him with an evil and envious eye, determined to try his integrity, and being acquainted with the susceptible heart of the saint, assumed, as the most likely way to effect his purpose, the shape of a blooming and sprightly damsel; fortunate it is for virtue that vice cannot in any form be completely in disguise; the holy man, whose temptations of a like nature had been frequent, distrusting the weakness of his nature, invariably withdrew his eyes from contemplating the face of beauty, and cast them downwards to the feet, this custom had made him a good judge of female understanding; he spied the brazen hoof—"Ah, ah!" quoth he, "*astutus astu non capitur*," and grasping the red hot tongs, which by chance were in the fire, dexterously applied them to the Satanic nose, in vain he roared, and tugged to extricate himself, mad with the pain the demon mounted in the air, nor was it till this member, which was entirely composed of brimstone became by the heat dissolved, that he succeeding, though in sorry condition, in extricating himself from the saintly gripe. In the front of the picture the same saint nearly the size of life, richly apparelled in a golden cope and pall, is returning thanks for his escape, while above the Virgin mother, and Angels are watching over him. The figures are well designed and the distances well preserved, the colouring is good. The last picture in this room is of Sir Charles Hosier, who was master of the company, it is by Crofts, and is dated 1750. In the great dining hall, is a whole length portrait of the Queen Dowager, it is finely painted, and the likeness most excellent, it is by Sir Martin Shee. Adjoining to it is one of his late Majesty, he is represented in a naval uniform, the expression of the countenance has been most happily caught, the artist is Morton, it has been engraved. There is also a full length of George III, by Thompson, of Edinburgh, it is a happy likeness and a well painted picture. In the council chamber, is a large painting by Hudson, which bears the date 1752, this is a masterly performance; seated at a table covered with glasses, fruit &c., are six figures the size of life, that at the head is Sir T. Blachford, Lord Mayor in 1750; the next Mr Wm. Brown, who filled the same office in 1747; then Sir H. Marshall, who filled the same office in 1745; Robert Alsopp and Edward Ironsides, 1752-3; and Sir Thomas Rowland, who also filled the civic chair in 1754. They were all among the wealthiest men of the day, and were the first who came forward in the eventful year 1745, to support the government of George II. They are all portraits, some good story seems to have been just told by the chairman, whose hand is extended, and who is speaking; the different degrees in which the point of the narration is seen by the company is well shown, from the manner in which the risible muscles of the several auditors are put in motion; in the front of the picture is the figure of the old butler, John Ansell, who, as an excuse for remaining in the room, is carefully polishing a glass, and whose evident respect for the great personages he is attending, prevents any visible smile to appear on his countenance, though he seems to enjoy an inward chuckle at the president's wit. This picture deserves to be admired because it possesses that principal requisite of painting an adherence to the reality of nature, the action of all the figures are in accordance with it, the features of each face are in keeping with the passion expressed, there is not in this picture, what we have often seen, a laughing eye, and a sombre mouth, the attitude of each accords with the age of the person represented, the youngest in company are drawn in motion; the older are more erect and commanding, the truth and harmony of the whole is preserved. Both the design and execution are excellent; it has been engraved. In the refreshment room is a portrait by Sir William Beechey, of Thomas Lane, Esq., who was clerk of the company in 1814, and thirty-six years one of the Court of Assistants. The limits of this notice will not at present permit us to give an account of the busts and statues contained within this magnificent edifice.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETIES FOR PROMOTION
OF THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of "The Art Union."

SIR,—As you have presented the friends of the Fine Arts in London with a short account of what has lately been doing at Edinburgh with respect to the encouragement of artists, I take the liberty of drawing your attention to certain points in the Edinburgh schemes, which I fear will speedily prove most disastrous to the objects which are held in view.

There are, as you mention, two societies for the encouragement of painting and painters in the Scottish metropolis—one of an aristocratic tone and character, in which the choice of pictures for prizeholders is the business of a committee of the subscribers; the other democratic, or composed more generally of the middle class in society, in which each winner of a prize has the choice of his own picture. Both societies have been wonderfully successful in enlisting a large body of subscribers and in exciting considerable public attention to the pictorial art. Neither, you ought to remark, has any direct connexion with exhibitions of pictures. There are two annual exhibitions—that of the Royal Scottish Academy, and that of the Edinburgh Society of Arts, but with these, as I say, the two associations for promotion of the fine arts have nothing to do. The aristocratic society, however, which I have first alluded to, makes it a rule to buy pictures only out of the Royal Scottish Academy exhibition, considering the other exhibition as below its notice; while the democratic society leaves its members to choose pictures from any public exhibition in Edinburgh. Thus, there is a marked liberality on the part of the aristocratic society which has created general distrust, and which, united with another feature in its constitution, will, I have no doubt, injure its usefulness. I here allude to the appointment of the committee which has to choose the pictures. Certain men are named and sanctioned as members of committee who have little save title or professional rank to recommend them, and hence the choice of pictures is often quite preposterous, and at all events displeasing to many of the prizeholders. Instead of buying first rate or first class pictures, and so stimulating painters to attain eminence in their profession, and cultivating a taste for a high style of pictorial delineation, the plan seems to be followed of buying a host of second and third rate pictures, leaving the best to be purchased by private individuals, or to hang on the hands of the artists. As an example of this, I need only allude to the picture of the 'Slave Market of Constantinople,' by Mr Allan, a work which the committee had the meanness to offer to purchase at something like two-thirds of its price, and left to be bought by the more liberal hand of a private individual, a prizeholder, in Edinburgh. Besides thus depressing a first class style of art in favour of what is often of an exceedingly poor character, the committee chooses and assigns pictures which are either displeasing from their subject or from their size, and hence it is no uncommon thing for the prizeholder to wish to get quit of his prize at the half of its marked value.

The democratic society, by leaving the choice of pictures to the prizeholders themselves, avoids some of these blunders, and is gaining daily in public estimation. Yet, to speak candidly, I do not believe that it, any more than the other, will do essential service to the art, unless a new principle be adopted. The same glaring error is committed of frittering away a large portion of the funds in petty prizes of 5*l.* and 10*l.*, the dissemination of which cannot be of the smallest benefit to art. To meet the factitious demand for the low priced pictures, every lad who can handle a brush paints at his leisure one or more pictures which he enters as worth 5*l.* or 10*l.*, and these, as a matter of necessity, good, bad, or indifferent, must be selected by the holders of the small prizes. As a number of our Scottish artists have a prodigious idea of their own merits, many pictures marked as high as 30*l.* or 30*l.*, are open to a similar objection—that is, of being dubs made up for the market. On a late occasion I was the fortunate holder of a 5*l.* prize and being compelled to take something for the money, I made choice of a picture which was dear at the guinea that formed my subscription, and which I consider as altogether unworthy of being hung up in a room.

The consequence arising from these circumstances is, that there is at present among us a rapid increase of painters, not a tenth part of whom will permanently be able to gain a subsistence as artists. If the object had been to degrade instead of elevate art, a more effectual plan could not well have been adopted. I anxiously trust, for the sake of British art, that the people of London will avoid the error in their associations of encouraging the growth of mediocre painters, whether through the medium of committees, or of individuals. Elevations of the amounts of prizes, however, will fail as a remedy, unless a free competition be permitted (I speak of Scotland particularly) in works of art from all parts of the world; for unless our artists, like our manufacturers, be stimulated by rivalry, and instructed by example, they have little chance of rising beyond local tastes and prejudices.

Humbly trusting that these random hints may be of some little use in working out the objects which all lovers of the Fine Arts have at heart.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

London, July 6, 1839.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

PAINTINGS, "NEAT AS IMPORTED."

We have heretofore had occasion to remark that, while our eminent artists—with a few unaccountable exceptions—find it sufficiently easy to dispose of the productions of their industry and genius, painters of minor excellence have their works too frequently returned from the Exhibitions to which they have been sent, and are compelled to toil for years through a course of labour, "unpatronized" at least, if not unappreciated. In Great Britain, art has not yet become a luxury of the middle classes; the principal, if not the only, purchasers, of pictures have been persons whose natural tastes are educated; and although the spread of knowledge, of late years, has been wide and general, the spirit of the age seems to adhere more closely to matters of fact than to derive enjoyment and instruction from sources of intellectual refinement, out of which alone true greatness can arise. The evil is, however, daily on the decrease; already many of our wealthy traders are among the most liberal encouragers of the Arts; and there can be no doubt that, within a very short period, the principle, upon which they depend for existence, will be far more enlarged and effective; that a more universal desire to obtain works of art will prevail; and that of the tens of thousands who annually visit our exhibitions a considerable proportion will act upon the wish to possess the objects they admire and appreciate. To produce this desirable end, it is only necessary to cultivate

taste; there is ample wealth in Great Britain to support and extend its high reputation in the arts; to direct it into a laudable channel is the prime duty of those who must be considered as guiding public opinion, and it would be strange indeed if the Press had failed in directing attention to that upon which it so largely and so continually comments. Whatever objections may be urged against newspaper criticisms—too often issued in a tone of ignorant pretension and arrogant controul—there can be no question that the intention is to extend the influence of art and the success of its professors. It is to us, therefore, indisputable, that within the last 20 years—since peace has induced the cultivation of the arts of peace—a wider and more general anxiety to become possessors of pictures has been continually gaining ground; and we take it to be certain that, ere long, few houses in which are to be found the means of procuring rational enjoyment and intellectual gratification, will be without the ornament of works of art. We know that in striving to forward a more abundant produce, we shall be at issue with many—who contend that true art will deteriorate in proportion to the increasing demand for it; and that the class of "cheap pictures" contribute to impair and not promote its veritable purpose. We look upon art, however, as one mode—and a very primary one—of producing that mental and consequently, moral improvement, which is the true foundation of all that is great and good; and argue that those who place its productions within

the reach of the middle classes of a nation greatly contribute to advance their best interests; to assist, therefore in accomplishing so beneficial a purpose is a leading duty of the public press.

For some time we have been at a loss to conceive how it was that, with the growing ability to appreciate, there has not been a proportionate demand for works of art, such as we have referred to. And we, at length, trace the evil, or at least much of it, to the fact, that every year brings us boat-loads of pictures from abroad, which are disposed of at public auctions, and scattered through the country to occupy places which, though they badly fill, they do fill, to the exclusion of the productions of British artists. We were induced to inquire into the subject, in consequence of finding that a friend of ours who had recently furnished a house, had covered the walls of his dining-room with half of a score of wretched Dutch daubs, for which he had paid to a dealer fully as large a sum as would have enabled him to procure as many good and authentic paintings by the artists of his own country. We confess we had no notion of the extent to which such a system has been carried; that the pictures annually imported into and sold in England, from various parts of the continent, at least equal in number those produced by our painters during the year. Perhaps, the following document will amaze our readers as much as it has startled us. We have obtained it from the most authentic source; and its accuracy may be fully and entirely relied upon.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NUMBER OF PICTURES FROM ITALY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY, charged with DUTY in each of the last Six Years, with the AMOUNT OF DUTY paid thereon.

	1833.		1834.		1835.		1836.		1837.		1838.	
	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.	Number charged with Duty.	Amount of Duty paid.
From		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.
Italy	1,345	432 2 4	1,656	485 12 0	2,361	687 11 8	3,350	1,225 8 6	2,915	889 1 3	2,688	862 14 9
Holland	2,238	516 9 1	2,400	667 10 3	2,489	547 1 10	2,891	639 15 0	1,544	338 10 7	1,661	427 5 0
Belgium	2,086	583 18 10	1,697	461 18 0	1,895	495 3 5	3,233	804 5 11	1,362	413 15 2	1,574	413 6 9
Germany	1,381	298 13 9	1,237	274 3 10	846	145 10 3	747	161 11 5	816	260 6 9	361	115 18 5
Total from the above Countries	7,050	1,851 4 0	7,450	1,880 13 11	7,501	1,875 7 2	10,421	2,831 0 10	6,637	1,841 13 9	6,484	1,810 4 11

We did not consider it necessary to procure returns of the number of pictures imported from France and the other nations of the continent; but if we add to the above only a comparatively small amount of import, we shall arrive at the conclusion that every year brings into England 8,000 pictures, to be sold and distributed; and which, unquestionably, are sold and distributed. Now it is assumed, as matter of course, that of these 8,000, there may be 200 true pictures, which bring large prices, and find their way into the collections of connoisseurs; the remaining 7,800 are miserable copies, desired only by persons who seek to furnish their walls, and are for the present content to supply a want upon easy terms. They are chiefly the produce of Flemish youths, copies from old masters, painted by direction of their tutors, and disposed of by these tutors to itinerant dealers, for little more than the cost of the canvas—which by the way is not subjected to a TAX, as it is with us.* They are then fitted into ungainly and ungraceful frames—the older the better, or, if new, made to seem old—and shipped off to England—the worthy Hollanders considering them good enough for us. The duty paid at the Custom House is merely nominal—one shilling for each picture, and one shilling per square foot of canvas. If, therefore, the 'Cuypes,' 'da Hooges' and 'Ruys-

daels' including the frames, bring five or six guineas each, the speculator has made a profitable harvest, and prepares for another trip. Perhaps he goes to Italy, where studious lads are in abundance; and brings over a cargo of 'Raphaels,' 'Canalettis' and 'Titians' upon which to exercise the eloquence of some famous auctioneer. The business of preparation is easily learned—the process of making them aged is the work of a day;—but this is a topic requiring more space than we can at present afford it; we may hereafter take occasion to illustrate this article, by some explanations concerning the tricks of a trade, notorious for resorting to them.

It is clear, then, that these 7,800 pictures displace a proportionate number of works by our own artists. The evil demands a remedy. A very simple one is at hand. Let a large, and not a nominal, duty be levied upon all works entering England, except such as are produced by our own artists abroad; pictures of a genuine character, and of a high value, will not be prejudiced by it; it cannot add so materially to the cost of a true picture, as to prevent its transmission hither for sale; but it would altogether exclude from the market the miserable daubs which are sent to this country to pick our pockets, and, worse, to pervert our tastes.

The several duties on pictures imported into the United Kingdom were consolidated by the Act 59 Geo. 3, cap. 52 (1819) viz:—

Pictures under two feet square, each £3 8 0
Over two and under four feet square 6 16 0
Over four feet square 10 4 0

These duties remained in force until the year 1826, when, in consequence of strong representations to Government that such heavy taxation was prejudicial to the fine arts, by excluding the in-flow of valuable and original works for the purpose of improving the style of our students, the duties were altered in the manner we have explained, viz:—

Pictures, each 1s.
And, further, the square foot . . . 1s.

By a subsequent Act, 9 Geo. 4, cap. 76 (1828), there was a modification of the above existing duties, for the purpose, we presume, of relieving the importers of large pictures, such as dioramas and other paintings intended for public exhibition. They are rated thus:—

Pictures being 200 feet square or upwards, each £10.

In thus reducing the duties from almost a prohibitory to a nominal charge upon each, Government could not have contemplated the mischief that has resulted from the change—an influx of worthless and injurious copies; which, besides preventing sales of works by our own artists, cannot but have impaired the public taste.

Under these circumstances, then, we call upon the Royal Academy, as the appointed guardians of British Art, or some few influential men of that body, to take up the matter, and make out such a case as will induce the Board of Trade, or the Lords of the Treasury to reconsider the subject. In petitioning either of these boards, it will be advisable that the prayer should be definite; that is, to propose a specific duty instead of the rates now in force. We should not recommend the proposi-

* It is not generally known that prepared canvas must be stamped; that a tax is, of course, paid for such stamp into the office at Somerset House; and that, also of course, the artist is charged with it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might consider this matter, at least, in arranging his budget.

tion of a large or prohibitory duty; because such a proposal would be uncongenial with the spirit in which the duties of customs are now levied, and would, consequently, be deemed objectionable. There are, unquestionably, duties still levied, not for fiscal objects, but for the protection of certain classes; but these are the remains of former times and feelings, when protection might be deemed the rule, and unrestricted trade the exception. The scale of custom duties may generally be assumed as about 20 per cent. *ad valorem* on manufactured articles; and the sum chargeable on such goods as are not enumerated in the table of duties (i.e. not specifically charged with duty), is 20 per cent. on the value.

But, inasmuch as no friend to, or professor of, the Fine Arts, would desire to exclude from admission into England the works of the great masters,—the value of which is frequently very large—the proposal of an *ad valorem* duty may not be desirable; and the matter may be more simplified by the adoption of a tax midway between that which was levied by the 59 Geo. 3, and the existing one, established by the 7 Geo. 4; the only object being to prevent the entrance into this country of bad and cheap productions. We apprehend that a duty of ten shillings upon each picture, and ten shillings further the square foot, would accomplish all we desire; sure we are the amount that would then be demanded at the custom house would, in nine cases out of ten, exceed the original cost of the picture. Thus, the very wretched daubs would remain at home, and we should receive only those that had merit sufficient to justify the expectation of reasonable prices.

To this extent we may fairly ask relief;—and, we have no doubt, shall, if the case be properly and energetically represented, obtain it.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE state of the Fine Arts in Ireland is lamentable to a degree. In no part of Europe are they in a condition so depressed; much of the evil may, no doubt, be traced to the system of political agitation of which that country has been so long the victim. Very few indeed have been the efforts to introduce, there, any real and practical improvements; the gentry are, for the most part, occupied in discussing topics of a party nature, and matters which might really benefit the community—rich and poor—are altogether left without consideration. Unhappily, the misery is not of recent growth. The means by which civilization is obtained elsewhere, are completely neglected; the Fine Arts occupy no portion of the thoughts or attention of the higher class; and the lower orders have scarcely a conception of what they mean. In a former Number, we gave the proceedings of a society formed in Dublin, with a view to their encouragement; we have not heard if they have been followed up by any thing like energy; but sadly do we fear that little good will result from the effort; and that Ireland will still have to bear the reproach of being the only country in Europe where the arts are treated with indifference if not contempt. These remarks result from the communication of a fact which has reached us. "The Royal Hibernian Academy" will have no exhibition this year. The cause assigned by them for closing their doors, is the total want of patronage they have hitherto received; the attendance of visitors has been very trifling; and from the signing of the Charter, up to the present day, but two pictures—two small and insignificant drawings—have been sold from the walls. It is true that many of its wealthy nobility and gentry are absentees, but thousands of rich landlords and merchants "dwell in the land;" the mischief is not to be traced altogether, or even to a large extent, to the system of absenteeism, but to a lack of taste, patriotic feeling, and liberality on the part of the Irish gentry. Would that we could stir up a better spirit among them; we call on the press generally to aid us in the attempt. It is mournful in the extreme, to find

a country so abundant in talent, so thoroughly neglected by those from whom alone it can receive any real benefit. "The Art-Union" which, as we have intimated, has just been formed in Dublin, is thus established at the very moment when there are no pictures to be seen—when the Academy has found it necessary to shut the door of their exhibition room; and it is, therefore, to be expected, as matter of course, that no stimulus can be given to the resolutions of the society; the public at large will not respond to its call, when no collection of pictures can be found to select from. If the Art-Union is really in earnest, it will at once remedy these grievous defects, and proceed to summon the artists of the country to combine and arrange some mode of showing their works. It is most unfortunate that the Art-Union should have been established at a period so unpropitious;—it reminds one of the sarcastic epigram of Dean Swift:

Behold a proof of Irish sense,
And Irish wit is seen;
When all is lost that's worth defence,
They build a magazine.

At the meeting referred to, one of the speakers stated that "the Royal Dublin Society" had "occasionally made purchases of the works of some of our best artists." Now we have taken the trouble to ascertain the extent of the collection in the possession of this society; and unless they have pictures deposited in some cellar or garret, the following is all the building contains:—a small Academy Study by Etty, presented by Major Sirr; two or three drawings by Prout; two or three drawings by artists whose names are unknown; and a large picture from Cymbeline, by Barry. A few also they have by Roberts and Barrett, the eminent Irish painters, both dead; but which, if we are rightly informed, were not purchases but donations. It was a favourite saying of the painter Barry—that, "Ireland gave me breath, but never would have given me bread." Is it wonderful that all, or nearly all, her men of genius should leave their country the moment they begin to be appreciated?

The Royal Hibernian Academy obtained their Charter, we believe, in 1824, and opened their first exhibition in 1825. Francis Johnson, Esq., their president, built a house, with spacious galleries, and presented it to them and their successors, at the nominal annual rent of five shillings. The receipts of the first exhibition was upwards of 1000*l.*; it has, however, gradually decreased, and this year, as we have stated, there is not to be any. The Royal Hibernian Academy has its professors, none of whom have ever lectured. It consists of fourteen academicians and eight associates; the names of the greater number of whom are unknown in England. The present president is Martin Cregan, Esq., who holds high rank as a portrait painter;—George Petrie, Esq., is secretary; Thos. Mulvany, Esq., professor of perspective; Hugh Fraser, Esq., of painting; Thos. Kirk, Esq., of sculpture, and Papworth, Esq., of architecture.

Now there must be "something rotten in the state" of this Academy, when twenty-two artists cannot form an exhibition with the assistance they might, and would, receive from this side of the water. We have elsewhere alluded to the disheartening fact that no sales have been effected at their exhibitions; but this is not enough to justify their closing their doors. To open them will cost nothing, and if they do not persevere in striving to create public taste, they are guilty of combining to crush it. We have seen that an attempt to direct attention to works of art has been made in Cork; we shall be disappointed if it be not a successful one; why should the Irish capital be left without an effort of the kind on the part of the chartered guardians of art? Let them set earnestly and vigorously to the work, and we venture to prophecy they will do good to themselves and to their country. Apathy in them is positive crime. We say that no matter how fallen taste may be, no matter what may be the depressing difficulties in their way—and we readily admit them—they are not justified in holding back until chance or time shall remove them.

CHIT-CHAT.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY will close on Saturday 27th of July; the pictures to be removed on the Tuesday and Wednesday following.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has published its Third Report for the year 1838-9. We received it too late in the month to enter at any length into its details. It appears that the number of subscribers has increased this year from 586 to 1058; and, as some of this number subscribe larger sums than a guinea, the total amount has been 1234 guineas. We have no doubt that next year there will be a large increase. The committee have been very active; we hope the members will imitate their example. Upon this subject we offer no apology for publishing the following letter:—

MR EDITOR,—You will much oblige me and many other members of your name-sake the "Society," if you will press upon the attention of its very efficient committee the necessity of closing the subscription lists, and distributing the prizes, *præstos* to the commencement of the exhibition at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, so that those who gain prizes may have the opportunity of purchasing pictures before all the best are sold. A friend of mine had the good fortune to obtain a prize this present season, but he assured me honestly, that he found it so difficult to get a picture that pleased him, in consequence of the late period in the season, at which the allotment took place, that he hopes never to gain another prize until some alteration in this respect has been made. Do then urge the matter, Mr Editor: we are all interested in the success of the society, no one more than yourself, and I need not give any other excuse for writing to you so pressing on this head. I am perfectly aware that, at the last distribution, Mr Godwin said it was their intention to close the lists *sooner* next year than had been done this, but no exact date was mentioned, and you and I know well enough that committees cannot always be implicitly trusted where time is the point in question. Keep them therefore to their work. I am yours, Mr Editor, PHILCHANCE.

P.S.—Could not your journal be made the means of communication between exhibitors who have pictures to sell, and the gainers of prizes? At present there is great difficulty, especially at the Academy, in learning what pictures approximate in price to the amount gained. In many cases the prices can't be learnt at all.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—In our last number we ventured, in the discharge of our duty, to call the attention of the Directors of the British Institution to the expediency, and, indeed, the necessity, of some measure for the advancement of British art. Our suggestions have been met in the spirit in which they were made; and we have little doubt that we shall, ere long, have to announce a resolution of the society again to adopt the plan of giving premiums. We know of no mode better calculated to forward their great object; it gives rise to a generous spirit of emulation, and incites to the production of works of the higher class. We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to urge a strong objection against receiving into the exhibition of paintings by the old masters, pictures avowedly sent there for sale. The contributors of such find their account in it; it is a sort of guarantee for their authenticity, and adds considerably to their value when exposed in the market elsewhere. In the present collection several works have been sent under these circumstances; and if the Directors are not especially cautious, the Institution will degenerate into a shop for dealing. When an evil is once admitted into a system, it is very difficult to limit its extent. The arrangement works badly in another way. It will prevent the noblemen and gentlemen who usually contribute, from stripping their own walls and incur the risk of being confounded with mere picture dealers.

MR DRUMMOND, A. R. A., is about to dispose, by raffle, of his large painting of 'The Death of Nelson'; the names of subscribers will be received by Messrs Welch and Gwynne, of 24, St James's street. The artist has been, for many years, an industrious and meritorious contributor to our sources of enjoyment and instruction; and, if younger men have pushed him from his seat, we may not lose sight of the fact that this work, executed when he was in his vigour, obtained, in 1826, the first premium at the British Institution, although the painter had no fewer than thirty-eight competitors.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.—At a recent dinner at the Star and Garter, Richmond, commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the Literary Fund Society (whereat Mr Tooke, F.R.S., was in the chair, and many distinguished authors present), Mr G. P. R. James proposed as a toast, in connexion with the name of Mr Brockedon, "The prosperity of the fine arts." Mr James observed, that although literature and the arts are not identical, they have become mutually dependent,— "there has been a marriage between them, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder." The truth of this statement which would appear to be obvious to all, is more generally felt by literary men than by artists, who appear indeed in many cases to hold their helpmate in scorn. Nothing can be more short-sighted and unwise. Although hardly a book is now published, whether "in the sheet," at a penny, or in the goodly quarto at two guineas, without the aid of the artist to illustrate and decorate, literature more than fully returns the assistance she asks. It is in her pages that art seeks the choicest conceptions of the mind, to be embodied; it is by the study of her accumulated treasures that a man possessed of genius can best hope to develop it, and so to attain to eminence.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—Mr Ewart has given notice to the House of Commons of his intention to move, that on the vote, in committee of supply, for the grant to the School of Design, Somerset House, the school be converted into a normal school for the training of teachers, or that the grant should be divided among different institutions instead of being confined to one. We shall content ourselves with recording this circumstance, until we have heard the honourable member's arguments in support of his motion. At present we are not aware of the "division" he contemplates; but we presume, in common justice, he means to distribute the "grant" among the various "schools" throughout the kingdom, and imagine in that case there will be about five pounds annually for each. It is grievous to find persons striving to legislate for the arts who know as little about them as the clown does of algebra. If Mr Hume is allowed to govern the Royal Academy, and Mr Ewart to manage the Schools of Design, they will be, no doubt, admirable institutions for protecting and advancing the Fine Arts of Great Britain. These honourable gentlemen will supply us with an article next month. We shall endeavour to do justice to the project and the author of it.

SCULPTURE.—A part of the ground floor in the Imperial Hotel, Covent Garden, is an odd place for the studio of an artist. Such, however, is the fact. Signor Bozzoni, a native of Florence, who was a pupil of the sculptor Pinelli, of Rome, has occupied that place for the last ten months, in the execution of a commission which would be termed "large" in any part of the world, but especially in England. It appears that Constable Maxwell, Esq., a gentleman of princely fortune, residing at Everingham Park, in Yorkshire, has employed this young man to design life-sized statues of the twelve Apostles and four martyrs, with eighteen corresponding bas-reliefs, each illustrative of some important event in scriptural history, the whole of which are intended for the embellishment of a church or chapel built and endowed by that gentleman upon his estate. We have unaffected pleasure in recording this statement, so complimentary to the artist on the one hand, and so honourable to Mr Maxwell on the other. It may with justice be said of this gentleman, that his liberal conduct amounts to a munificent patronage, well worthy of imitation by those who have large fortunes at command. The artist has already modelled the statues of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, which, with the addition of one bas-relief, is the only portion of the commission yet executed. Enough has been done, however, to prove that Mr Bozzoni is a man of genius. His figures are classically pure, free from all affectation or straining after effect, and dignified withal. In the treatment of so elevated a subject as that of representing the persons of inspired men, much diff-

culty is necessarily encountered by reason of the necessity which exists for depicting each apostle with an individual character corresponding with the account to be found in the holy writings. So far as Mr Bozzoni has gone, he has done well. The features of the two Apostles, essentially different as they are in expression, are nevertheless appropriate and exceedingly well executed. The countenance of Saint Paul, beaming with eloquence and intellect, evidently indicates the determined resolution of his mind,—a resolution formed by miraculous intervention, and to be fully carried out, "even unto death," by miraculous assistance. That of Saint Peter, on the contrary, appears to belong to a passionless man, whose high calling has for ever banished from its expression the tumult of earthly joys or griefs. The downward-turned sword, which supports the left hand and arm of Saint Paul, is well introduced, as indicating the cessation of his early persecution of the Christians; while the right hand of Saint Peter upholds his emblematic keys. The draperies of both are unexceptionable, being well studied in their details, and harmonizing perfectly with their respective attitudes; the principal folds "fetching" the parts, so that the whole contour is gracefully brought out. We shall have much pleasure in returning to Mr Bozzoni's highly creditable works, when a further progress affords us the opportunity.

ANGERS.—An interesting exhibition has just been opened at Angers, under the patronage of the prefect, of all the objects of art of the middle ages, which their owners throughout the former province of Anjou have been pleased to send for the occasion. Furniture of all kinds, missals richly illuminated, arms, armour, stained glass, and ecclesiastical ornaments, form part of this valuable collection. Strangers are flocking to Angers from all parts of the west of France to examine and study the contents of this exhibition, which is placed with much taste in the buildings of the prefecture.

NEW DISCOVERY IN ART.—The Paris journals give us an account of another "wonderful discovery" in the art of producing engravings; we confess, however, we receive such statements with caution. Marvels in art are, now-a-days, as plenty as blackberries in September. Although it is summer, the sun appears to have been asleep; of the wonder-working Daguerrotype, which was to send a host of engravers to parish workhouses, we have of late heard nothing; and we fancy, for all that was said, they may not be justified in meeting starvation half-way. There is a chance of employment for the burin for a few years to come, and possibly the great luminary will permit our artists to have food as well as plates. The newest invention is that of M. Dupont—"a very industrious printer," who, in striving to save the expense of stereotyping, hit upon an expedient which is thus described:—"With the assistance of a particular ink he was already enabled to avoid the preservation of the *clichés*, which require many materials, and much space and money, by means of the preservation of a mere printed sheet which lithography afterwards reproduced whenever it was wanted; but doubting whether the ink used upon that sheet would retain in course of time the same properties, he consulted his brother, a very intelligent lithographer, and the latter found what neither ventured to expect. This new process is applicable not only to fresh printed sheets, but likewise to the oldest engravings, the oldest books, and, which is of far more interest, to Greek, Chinese, and Hebrew books. It consists in two operations. Over the page or engraving of which you want a copy you lay a particular composition. It is placed upon the lithographic stone and pressed, and the stone re-produces, with scrupulous precision, the original engraving or book. This impression could not, however, serve such as it is. It is itself covered with the same preparation, and it may then print thousands of copies by the ordinary processes of every sort of lithography. Five minutes suffice for both operations. The original engraving may be restored to the portfolio which has supplied it, for

it has not been in the slightest degree injured; the book, thus wholly reprinted, may undergo another binding, and honourably resume its place in your library. This new process admits of a reduction of seventy-five per cent. upon the expense of printing; and as for engraving, that which on copper would have cost 100*fr.*, will now cost but 25*fr.*! What consequences will not this discovery yield! It threatens the graphic arts—engraving and printing—with a complete revolution."

PAINTING BY MECHANISM.—To the above we must add another wonder:—Well, indeed, may the French editor ask, "what consequences will not such discoveries produce?" The *Foreign Monthly Review* informs us that, "an invention, by means of which it is possible to multiply, in a mechanical way, oil paintings, with all their brilliancy of colours, and that with a fidelity hitherto unattainable, is approaching to perfection at Berlin. The inventor, Jacobi Leipman, has been led by his studies of colouring, and the mixing of colours, to the idea on which he has been already engaged ten years, till he has recently been enabled to accomplish the difficult object which he proposed to himself." This altogether throws into the shade "the Dean's" project of extracting sun-beams from cucumbers, by which the sage people of Laputa were enabled to do without moonshine.

THE NELSON TESTIMONIAL.—It has been suggested that the whole of the "Nelson designs" should be drawn to one scale, and published in lithography. They would, together, form a very interesting volume, and we hope that some enterprising publisher may be found willing to undertake the task.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At the meetings held by this society since our last notice of its proceedings, several very interesting papers have been read; in particular an Essay, by the Rev. Richard Burgess, on the form and parts of Ancient Christian Temples, commonly called Basilicas, and a description of a wooden bridge, erected by Mr Barnfather, over the river Ala, in Alnwick Park, communicated by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Mr Burgess's paper was at once recondite and racy,—elaborately learned, yet withal so merry as to keep the meeting laughing while they learnt.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON ACOUSTICS has been commenced by Mr Adams, which promises to be of service. The science of sound is at present but little advanced, especially so far as relates to the construction of buildings intended to receive public meetings, or for the performance of music, and it is, therefore, highly necessary that the attention of architects should be directed to the subject. Nothing important, however, will be done until a series of experiments on a large scale has been patiently prosecuted by competent hands; and we trust before long that the Institute will appoint a committee, and appropriate a sum of money to this purpose. Just at this moment, when the building intended for the meetings of Parliament is in progress, the efficiency of which will depend so much upon its phonocampitric arrangement, such an interference on the part of the Institute might be productive of a national advantage, and would satisfy those who now say, and justly, that the public look for some immediate evidence of its usefulness.

GIBSON, the sculptor, has just executed for Talloni, the famous banker, at Rome, a group of "Psyche, borne on the shoulders of two youths." It is, we understand, of surpassing grace and beauty, and is remarkable as a new experiment in sculpture, or rather the revival of an old practice. The artist has introduced gilding into the marble; a narrow gold band is placed round the head of Psyche, and upon her wings there is much of the same material. It is described to us as exceedingly effective; we can, however, scarcely conceive it to be other than a dangerous departure from true art.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE BRITISH ANGLER'S MANUAL; or, the Art of Angling in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; with some Account of the principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams in the United Kingdom. By T. C. HOFFLAND, Esq. Embellished with numerous engravings on steel and wood, from original pictures and drawings by the author. Publishers, WHITEHEAD and Co., 76 Fleet street.

It is any thing but strange that so many artists have been anglers. "The gentle craft" is "the contemplative man's recreation." It brings him to an intimacy with Nature. Its pursuit is followed by the lake and river, beneath the shadows of "old patrician trees," and beside "plebeian underwood" which skirt the banks of both; and it may be, with mighty mountains looking down upon him as he sports. He wanders with the breeze; enjoyment is his companion; and health is sure to follow in his steps. He is learning all the while; noting things that afford present pleasure and future profit: his sketch book is as near to him as his rod, and every change of place supplies him with a store of thought. The sun, when he rises and when he sets, is familiar to him as the face of a dear friend; every marvel he produces in the clouds is seen, considered, and copied; and after-labour, the result of actual observation, is lightened by agreeable association. The theme is one upon which a book may be written. All artists should be anglers; all, at least, who desire Nature for their instructor, whose ambition is to work under her influence, and who know themselves to be most successful the nearer they copy that which she presents to them. Mr Hoffland has, as our readers know, long maintained the highest reputation as an artist. We do not go too far if we say that he is indebted for much of his fame to his early love of the angler's craft he has so steadily pursued, and of which he is so accomplished a professor. His style is purely and essentially English: few have excelled him in depicting the exquisite scenery of his own country; it is clear that he was taught in places such as he so frequently describes; and that he learned from the great teacher who never errs. He appears before us in his two-fold capacity—with abundant examples of his genius and convincing proofs of his skill. His book is one of the most exquisite in character, and most full in information, it has ever been our lot to examine. We have travelled, many a time and oft, the paths he has pointed out; not "doubly armed"—with a sketch book and a fishing rod—but using the latter to some purpose, and feeling the full delight of that which we may characterize by a sort of paradox, as Excitement in Repose. It has been our "luck," too, to have angled in his company; to have taken lessons from his experience, beside the running stream; to have seen him throw a fly with unerring precision; and to have triumphed when we have striven to do likewise. We can, therefore, bear testimony to his "authority" upon all matters interesting and important to the angler: the results of his labours as an artist speak for themselves. In his introduction he defends the occupation of angling from the sneers and sarcasms of those who are, unhappily, ignorant of its many sources of rational enjoyment; quotes the good old authors who have been its defenders, and advocates the cause with a degree of eloquence and elegance of diction that would lead us to believe he had practised as much with the pen as with the pencil. We quote the concluding passage:—

Walton has very justly styled angling "the contemplative man's recreation;" for the practice of it is, indeed, eminently calculated to still the stormy passions of the breast, and lead to the calm and tranquil pleasures arising from frequent meditation on the beauties of Nature. The delightful old author has so skilfully defended his favourite art against the sneers of ignorance and prejudice, that it would be presumptuous in me to enlarge on the subject; and I shall therefore be content to observe, that I believe the art of angling to be an innocent, entertaining, and healthful pursuit, and calculated to be equally useful and amusing to men of studious habits and sedentary occupations.

The book is dedicated to Sir Francis Chantrey, a "devoted brother of the angle." Mr Hoffland's leading object, however, has been to produce a volume of practical results. He has indulged, perhaps too little, in digression; we could have pardoned a more frequent departure from his main duty to listen to his descriptions, by words, of scenes he has commemorated on his canvas. The publication is, we think, too strictly a "British Angler's Manual;" and we regret this the more because of the frequent proofs he affords of his ability as an author. His facts would not have been impaired by calling poetry to their aid. The subject warranted such an association. No angler, be he tyro or proficient, should be without this work: to the former it tells all he ought to know; to the latter it points out all the places, most pleasant and profitable, throughout the kingdom—for we believe that there is hardly a river, stream, or lake of any note in Great Britain in which the artist has not "wetted a line." The whole of the "tools" he has to work with are minutely described; the various baits most desirable in "bottom fishing;" the best flies, and how to make them; the habits of the several dwellers in the waters, and the surest modes of wiling them into his basket; in short, all that it can be necessary to know is here explained in a manner the most clear and satisfactory. With such a guide the learner is sure to progress rapidly; and if Mr Hoffland succeed in tempting other painters to follow his example and study the gentle craft, he will largely contribute to their health, enjoyment, and advantage;—for—we quote the amiable and excellent Isaac, in reference to one of the most learned men of his age, Sir Henry Wotton, who was wont to say,—

Angling was "an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent;" for it was, "after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness," and that it begets habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.

A word or two in reference to the illustrations: they well deserve the highest commendation. The paintings are of places—all anglers know them well—essentially picturesque; the prints are, therefore, interesting as copies of some of the more striking beauties of Nature in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. They have been admirably engraved—those on steel by Mr W. R. Smith, and those on wood chiefly by Mr Landells. Moreover, the volume is one of the best productions of the press of Messrs Whitehead, and will be a valuable acquisition even to those who have never looked on a running stream with an eager longing to lessen its population.

And now, let us hasten from that which the wise king tells us is "a weariness to the flesh." Our own glorious river is not far off. Old father Thames is always at hand to welcome those to whom Scottish lakes and Welsh valleys are but pleasant dreams. Our labours for the month are closed; we shall greet the king of rivers, ere another sun has looked upon him. Our "idle time will not be idly spent." We shall have Mr Hoffland beside us once again—a useful counsellor, a profitable guide, and a most agreeable companion; and, what is more, we can now have the benefit of his company, go when and where we will—an advantage that may be enjoyed by others as well as by us; for his book—his "British Angler's Manual"—is accessible to all.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. Illustrated by various Artists.—Publisher, VAN VOORST.

THIS exquisite volume was published a few years ago; a second edition has been just issued, containing translations of the famous Elegy into Greek, Latin, Italian, German, and French. It is therefore, a literary curiosity. As a curiosity in art it is already established in public favour. It contains thirty-two engravings on wood—each verse having an illustration; and affords a striking example of the excellence of which wood-engraving

is capable in design as well as in execution. The volume is edited by John Martin, Esq., the accomplished Secretary to the Artists' Fund. He was enabled to do that which no publisher could have done—to induce our leading artists to make drawings on the wood, which he then placed in the hands of our best engravers. We have, therefore, in this work, examples of the genius of Mulready, Calcott, Constable, Howard, Collins, Hart, C. Landseer, Cattermole, &c. &c. Mr Martin has thus given a hint which may be followed up. He has shown that our great painters can and will draw designs for wood-engravers; that which was done from motives of personal friendship, may perhaps be performed with a different object; and we may yet see a publication undertaken in England which shall throw into shade the very best of those that have been sent to us from the Continent. Our artists have the example of Cornelius, the great painter of Bavaria, who is at this moment employed in producing a series of illustrations to Shakspeare—to whose genius ample justice has not yet been accorded in his own country. This volume of Gray's Elegy affords proof of what can be and what may be, done. The designs are of exquisite grace and beauty; and they are, for the most part, admirably engraved, by Thompson, Jackson, Landells, Powis, T. Williams, &c. With Mr Martin it was an experiment; a trial of public taste; it has answered his expectations;—the marvel is that some means have not yet been devised for inducing the more eminent artists of our country to assist in a work of a more extended and elaborate character.

STUDIES AND EXAMPLES OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. The TRAVELLERS' CLUB HOUSE, by BARRY; accompanied by an ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ARCHITECTURAL STUDY, by W. H. LEEDS, Esq.—WEALE, Publisher.

MR WEALE has certainly entitled himself to the support of the profession, by the attempt he proposes to make (and of which this volume is a very satisfactory commencement), to place fairly before the European public, examples of the modern school of English Architecture,—to give, not merely comprehensible plans and elevations of executed buildings of acknowledged merit, but drawings in detail of the various ornaments and parts forming the whole. Such a work would have the effect not only of changing the opinion still entertained of our architectural skill by those of our foreign neighbours who, not having recently visited England, draw their conclusions from almost forgotten premises, but would present such a mass of new details for the study of the young architect, as could not fail to prove of great value. We therefore earnestly wish that the intention may be fully carried out, and would suggest to the architects whose works may be selected for illustration, the expediency of assisting in it to the utmost of their power—a suggestion which might appear to some to be almost supererogatory. This, however, is not the case. Until within these last few years, architects were wont to look askant at one another and at the public, more, perhaps, than did any other set of men, and although the establishment of the Institute has concurred with other circumstances to induce and spread more liberal feelings, there are some who think they are acting wisely in refusing any interchange of ideas, and in preventing, as much as in them lies, the popularisation of their art. They have yet to learn the truth of the remark, that, "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty;" the time, however, is fast coming when this will be universally admitted. Returning to the work before us; we have elsewhere previously urged the necessity of improving the public taste, as a means of raising the character of architecture amongst us, and Mr Leeds, in the highly interesting and suggestive Essay forming part of this volume, has advocated the same views so

ably, that we cannot refrain from making a short extract from it:—

"If," says he,—"though the *if* is almost superfluous—a singular deficiency of information at present prevails with respect to architecture, all the greater necessity is there that it should be remedied; for it is idle to expect that it can thrive steadily and vigorously among us, so long as it shall be viewed in the light of a purely mechanical art, or little better—one which none but those who are professionally trained to it either can or ought to aspire to understand. Before they can hope to obtain enlightened patronage from others, architects must first encourage other people to look upon architecture as a liberal pursuit, replete with varied interest, and which, so far from being a barren study, is one that when divested of pedantic prejudices, and applied to intelligently, tends almost more than any other to develop and exercise the reasoning faculties upon abstract questions of taste."

The Essay itself is well qualified to effect the very desirable end above referred to, namely, to induce attention to architectural art, as well on the part of the general reader as of the professor, and we therefore point it out for attentive consideration.

Of the elegant little building erected by Mr Barry, for the Travellers' Club, between the years 1830 and 1832, at an expense, including the fittings and furniture, of 29,557l. 16s., and which forms the first subject for illustration, it is not necessary for us to speak, as its merits are well known. The engravings comprise two plans, two elevations (the Pall Mall front, and the Garden front), two sections, three plates of exterior details, and one plate of interior details; and are beautifully executed.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WESTMINSTER; with Observations on the Objects and Prospects of the Westminster Improvement Company. By one of the Architects of the Company, London. SMITH and ELDER.

The great and advantageous alterations which will be made in Westminster, should this Company succeed in their objects, and the advance in taste which may be expected to result in consequence, induce us briefly to point attention to a pamphlet, which has for its chief purpose the furtherance of these objects. To substitute well-drained, handsome streets and squares, for the present filthy abodes of wretchedness and crime, would, indeed, be an achievement worthy of our age. Some observations by the author, Mr Bardwell, pointing out the expediency of using existing specimens of Italian architecture, as exemplars for the general composition and arrangement of domestic buildings, and the purer remains of Grecian art, for the details and enrichments, are worthy of consideration. It is to be hoped that the desire manifested to use stone for the fronts of the houses will be carried out.

HAND BOOK FOR STUDENTS OF ART. By J. A. WHEELER. NATALI, Publisher.

A LITTLE volume containing "a description of the skeleton and the external muscles of the human figure," designed to teach anatomy to artists, without a knowledge of which, indeed, there never was a great historical painter. This "key" is neatly "got up," and will be found very useful to all who desire to procure information upon easy terms, both in reference to time and money.

THE SHORES AND ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. The illustrations by W. LEITCH, &c. &c. The descriptions by the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A. Publishers, FISHER, JACKSON, and Co.

AMONG the illustrated works, publishing in monthly parts, this may take a very high station. Mr Leitch is an artist of considerable ability,—he has studied, if we mistake not, in the school which produced Stanfield and Roberts—the theatre. Sir Grenville Temple, and Lieut. Allen have also furnished several of the drawings; and among the engravers are many of the most distinguished skill. The letter-press is very creditable to the writer; it is written in a pleasant, interesting and comprehensive style: free from pedantry, full of anecdote,

with plenty of "scholarship," and sufficiently "at length" for the general reader. Altogether the production is one of the best of the day—and deserves the extensive circulation which can alone repay the publishers for issuing it at a price which does not exceed the value of any one of the four prints contained in a number.

ENGRAVINGS.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, No. 3.—The Painting by EASTLAKE, R.A., COLLINS, R.A., LANDSEER, R.A.—The Engravings by W. FINDEN, E. FINDEN, F. BACON.—Publishers, W. and E. FINDEN.

THIS is a truly national work, and one which we trust prospers as it ought to do. It would be a shame to the age and country if such a publication lacked patronage. The pictures have been judiciously selected; they are among the best of our best British artists; and although, as they are engraved on steel, and cannot be multiplied by our ablest engravers, who persevere in their hostility to the less pliant metal, they are executed in a manner by no means unworthy of the eminent painters. Messrs Finden have, indeed, large facilities for the completion of such a task; they have sound judgment and experience; and, although it is not assumed that they actually engrave all the works that bear their name, they have been fortunate in obtaining the assistance of artists whose abilities they know how most advantageously to direct. We are induced to offer this remark in reply to a correspondent who has written us what he calls an introduction to their "studio," which we should not consider ourselves justified in publishing. The mind of the master is, at least, apparent in the prints before us; and if he has in some parts procured aid at the hands of others, the results being so satisfactory, we have, we think, no right to complain. The leading attraction of No. 3 is Mr Bacon's engraving from Eastlake's painting of 'The Escape of Carrara, Sovereign of Padua,' (the property of James Morrison, Esq.) It is one of the most interesting and admirable of the accomplished painter's works, and Mr Bacon has rendered it with exceeding fidelity. The story is happily told, it is full of deep pathos, and records one of the most striking events in the history of the 14th century. 'Happy as a King' is an exquisite example of the style in which Mr Collins is still without a rival; it represents a group of merry and careless children; the eldest, his younger companions is swinging backwards and forwards, as he sits triumphantly on the upper rail of a gate. The subject is a joyous one,—pleasantly pictures childhood in its heedless and innocent glee; and it has been engraved with exceeding grace and delicacy. 'The Interior of a Highlander's Cottage' is the production of the burin of W. Finden, after the pencil of Edwin Landseer. It is true to the life, and a fine example of character. An old Highlander is resting after the sports of 'the mountain and the moor'; the produce of his labour lies at his feet, a shaggy terrier is begging something at his master's hands, the wife prepares the fire in the back ground, and the daughter attends him with 'the mess.' These are matters which no living artist can so admirably deal with, and it will be readily believed that Mr Landseer has wrought them into an interesting and attractive picture. The third number of 'The Royal Gallery,' therefore, fully sustains the reputation the work has already acquired; we feel assured that its progress will be equally satisfactory; we know that the publishers have 'in hand' many rare and exquisite pictures, and the character which Messrs Finden have always sustained for improving, rather than suffering to deteriorate, a publication on which they are engaged, may be accepted as a guarantee that this undertaking will approach as near perfection as any that has ever appeared in Great Britain. The work is remarkably cheap—because unquestionably good. The prints are neither too large for a portfolio, nor too small for framing.

THE FAMILY OF CROMWELL INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIRST. W. FISK, Painter. J. SCOTT, Engraver. T. BOYS, Publisher.

WE are grateful to any artist who brings before us the memorable events of history. It is, in fact, calling up the mighty dead, and teaching us either to shun or to imitate, as best befits us. Many have attempted a biography of Cromwell, but all have failed; they view the mighty master who conquered circumstances, and will be known to succeeding generations as one determined, terrible, unfinching—they view him in one particular light—under the influence of party feelings, and pourtray him either as an angel or a demon. While in truth he was but a man of large mind—a mind that had advanced considerably beyond the period in which he lived; and which enabled him to manage while he despised the persons of inferior intellect by whom he was surrounded. His great attribute was strength—wonderful strength—both of mind and body; his lesser attribute cunning—the one natural, the other acquired. The painter has chosen to represent him, who was afterwards Protector, at the moment when his family, or rather certain members of his family, petitioned for the life of Charles. In the centre stands Cromwell, booted and spurred—the only erect figure in the foreground—his countenance stern and fixed, and the decision with which he draws on his glove tells his resolve. The likeness is good; the mouth seems as though it were moulded in cast iron. Mr Claypole, looking all that is good and graceful, hangs upon his right arm; her face is of the sweetest expression, and the attitude of pleading admirably expressed. The earnestness of her entreaty, though it has not shaken, has evidently disturbed her father. The artist has done wisely in representing the gentle Richard as kneeling a little in the back-ground. Milton is seated in his capacity of secretary at the table on the left: his face is still and calm, contrasting in its sublime expression with the strength and ruggedness of his master's countenance. Joan Cromwell is also seated, in her plain black hood; but her hands are clasped in entreaty, and at her feet kneels her graceful daughter, Mrs Ireton. Neither Mary (Lady Fauconberg) nor Frances (Mrs Rich) are introduced; indeed they could not have been there, without rendering the picture too crowded. Lilburne, Fleetwood, and Ireton form a group in the back-ground, and the accessories are in keeping with the stormy time and stormy characters.

The 'Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy,' by Mr Prout, of which a review will be found in 'The Art-Union' for April, have been recently issued by Messrs Hodgson and Graves, coloured with exceeding care and accuracy from the models of the artist. They form a very beautiful and interesting series; in fact for all the purposes of study, and for the enjoyment and information to be derived from them, they are fully as valuable as Original Drawings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must apologize, this month, to several kind correspondents. An accident has deprived us of the power to return them answers.

We shall not, for the present, finish the picture of which we last month gave the sketch. It is "however" in hand; and shall be exhibited, if we find it necessary to do so.

AGENTS FOR "THE ART-UNION."

BATH—Mr Pocock, Argyle street.—**LIVERPOOL**—George Linnecar, Church street.—**MANCHESTER**—J. C. Grundy, Exchange street.—**PLYMOUTH**, E. Fry.—**SCOTLAND**—Alexander Hill, J. Mundell, and A. Crichton, Edinburgh.—**JOHN FINLAY**, Glasgow.—**IRELAND**—Milliken and Son, Dublin. John Hodgson, Belfast.—**PARIS**—Rittner and Goupil.

Communications for the Editor may be sent (post free) to the care of Mr William Thomas, Publisher, 19 Catherine street, Strand.

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Will Close on Saturday, the 27th instant,

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, 53 Pall Mall West (adjoining the British Institution). Open from Nine o'Clock till Dusk.

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JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

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TO ARTISTS, &c.

THE NORFOLK and NORWICH ART-UNION EXHIBITION of PICTURES in OIL and WATER COLOURS, Specimens of Sculpture and Architectural Designs, will take place early in August next. Works of Art intended for this Exhibition must be sent, addressed to the Secretary, Bazaar, Ealby, Norwich, by the 22nd instant; and if from London, may be forwarded through the Society's Agent, Mr Green, 14 Charles street, Middlesex Hospital.

Printed copies of the Regulations may be had on application to the Secretary, to whom all communications are requested to be addressed.

R. LEMAN, Honorary Secretary.

No. 6 Crescent Bridge street, Blackfriars.

NOW OPENED.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—

NEW EXHIBITION.—The CORONATION of her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Westminster Abbey, and the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, with all the effects of light and shade, from Noon till Midnight. Both paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON. Open from Ten till Five.

NELSON MEMORIAL.—The MIRROR of LITERATURE, of Saturday, July 6, No. I of a New Volume, contains a Large Engraving of the Prize Design for the Nelson Memorial, from the Original Drawing, by permission of Mr Railton, with interesting particulars. Price Two-pence.

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